

Victor Hugo Calling

There is one thing that is stronger than armies: an idea whose time is come.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

POOR OLD
STICK-IN-
THE-MUD

See middle pages

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GOOD NEWS FROM BAD

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Four

Homage to William Tyndale A NOBLE VOLUME

The Man Who Pirated His Bible

THE Royal Society of Literature has won the gratitude of all lovers of the Bible, and indeed of all lovers of books, by a splendid volume which it has just produced, nothing less than a copy of William Tyndale's New Testament.

So handsome a volume would be welcome on any shelves apart from its subject, but being what it is it is welcome a thousand times.

To say that it is an enchanting book is only simple truth, and we may add with equal truth that this volume has in it what we are sure will be a surprise to many. It has not only an admirable preface by Mr Isaac Foot (who suggested this volume as an act of homage to Tyndale), but it has a special preface by Tyndale himself complaining of a man who pirated his book and altered it without permission. It is rather a remarkable story.

First Bible Printed Here

Actually it appears to be a charge of piracy against a fellow exile, who has thus the distinction of having his name in what was perhaps the most important book ever published.

Tyndale gave to the world more than one edition of his immortal work, but so furiously were they assailed that it is doubtful if more than half a dozen exist today. All but a few were printed abroad and smuggled into England; but the Revised Edition now reprinted, though originally printed in 1534 at Antwerp, so won the favour of Queen Anne Boleyn that it was actually reprinted in England in 1536, and so was the first part of the Bible printed in England.

This edition of it is a magnificent one, worthy of the Cambridge University Press (who publish it at a guinea), worthy of the Royal Society of Literature and their librarian Mr Hardy Wallis, who edits it, and not least worthy of Mr Isaac Foot, who has written an introduction.

The Revised Testament

Mr Foot, indeed, wished for a book with Tyndale's first translation of 1525 printed in parallel columns with the revision of 1534; but such a work would have been extremely difficult for ordinary folk to understand, and also there exists a facsimile made from the only complete copy at Bristol. Accordingly Mr Wallis has copied the 1534 book of which the British and Foreign Bible Society is the proud possessor, though theirs is not quite as fine as the copy

in the British Museum, printed on vellum with beautiful illuminations and having inscribed on its margin the words *Anna Angliae Regina*.

As Mr Foot so truly points out in his introduction, we see in this Revised Testament the patience, conscientiousness, and unwearied diligence with which Tyndale did his lifework. His changes show his desire for truer translation and simpler expression, sometimes only from a more delicate sense in the choice of words. If Tyndale had not lived to revise some passages, says Mr Foot, we might never have had in our English speech some of the phrases which are dearest in our memory; and he instances *Blessed are the peacemakers*.

Most people know that Tyndale had not been dead a year before his New Testament was included in the Matthew Bible, which was the basis of all that followed. The explanation of Tyndale's greater accuracy (truth is his own word) is that his chief source was the Greek text edited by Erasmus in 1516; and that he himself was not only the most brilliant scholar of his time, but had a burning desire to make the Bible so clear that the boy who drove the plough might understand it as well as the Pope of Rome.

The Villain of the Piece

Tyndale's special preface to the 1534 edition emphasises his deep love of truth and his exactness; he wrote it because another man had dared to revise his work and give it to the world. One George Joye, an old friend and supporter of Tyndale in his conflicts with Sir Thomas More and other authorities, is the villain of the piece. He was a Bedfordshire boy, one of our very first Protestants, and he too had to fly abroad for his life. He translated the Psalms and other books of the Bible, but in 1534 he edited anonymously a new edition of Tyndale's work which bore this title: *The new Testament dylygentlye overseen and correct and printed now again at Andwarp, by me wydow of Christophell of Endhounen*.

Tyndale was filled with righteous indignation on seeing this, partly because George Joye had not put his name on it, partly because his corrections were inaccurate and misleading. Tyndale was specially indignant at Joye's practice of changing the word *Resurrection* into *Life after this life*, or *Verielife*. Both Joye's edition and

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Cheerful Uncle Mac



Mr Derek McCulloch of the BBC Children's Hour on a sea cruise after his fortieth operation

A THOUSAND POUNDS A MINUTE 21 Years After the War

THE swiftness of events since the Great War began is illustrated by the estimates published by the Government of the cost of Defence in the new financial year, which begins in April and ends next March. The sum is no less than £580,000,000. And this is only an estimate; it is sure to be exceeded.

This staggering amount is about £1,600,000 for each day in the year—over £1000 a minute. Yet before the Great War Defence cost only £72,000,000 a year, or say £200,000 a day.

We have multiplied the cost of Defence eight times since 1914.

Even more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that, while before the Great

War there was much opposition to the spending of even £72,000,000 on Defence, there is now no opposition at all to our spending eight times as much!

It is something to think about. The Great War was proclaimed to be a war to end war, yet the result has been a series of wars.

Our Prime Minister seeks Peace, and has stated clearly that he considers that strong British defences will prevent war by making it difficult for any nation to attack Britain. Every thinking person must hope that the nations will soon be able to arrive at an end of this lunacy, not by making war but by measures of even-handed justice and fair play.

HITLER'S WORD

A New Name For the Road Hog

A word to stir the world has been spoken by Herr Hitler.

He was counting the cost of road accidents, and denounced those who caused them as *vermin preying on the people*.

The loss of life mounts up beyond that of war, he pointed out. The German nation is robbed of 7,000 dead and 40,000 injured in a year. Great Britain can show as tragic a bill of costs, with nearly as many dead and five times as many injured. The United States has 34,000 dead in one year.

This sort of thing, the Fuehrer justly said, is an unbearable situation. Then why do we bear it? There must always be accidents, for the essence of many accidents is that they cannot be avoided.

But why should we suffer those road hogs who, by their negligence, ignorance, and callousness, swell the total to these monstrous figures?

Herr Hitler is the one man in the world who can show how to clear the roads of them. Let him say the word and his "vermin" will scuttle back to their holes.

It will have to be a word of power. They will not be cleared off by suspending their licences. Sterner penalties must be imposed than that. Herr Hitler stands before the world as Power in the person of one man. Let him speak the word and command the killing to be stopped. And it will be stopped.

A CHANGE COMES OVER THE BROADS

Strange Effect of the Storms

A sea change has come over the Norfolk Broads in a single year.

Lord Desborough has disclosed that they have been transformed from freshwater lakes into saltwater lagoons as the result of the tide that swept over the coast defences at Horsey last spring.

The sea went on to pour its waters into Horsey Mere, Hickling Broad, and Heigham Sound. From Potter Heigham to Wroxham the tide made itself felt, increasing the saltiness of the water till it stood at 33 per cent. The natural drainage, the subsidence, and the rainfall have lowered it to 23 per cent, but that is far too high for freshwater fish, which cannot endure more than nine per cent of saltiness.

In some of the Broads every freshwater fish has perished, and their replacement by uncounted millions of shrimps is a very poor exchange. Lord Desborough added that the shrimps were making a home in the dykes at the back of his house, and flocks of birds had gathered to search for them for food.

The salt, estranging sea has in this way added another injury to East Anglia. It has eaten away the coastline; it is now spoiling its inland waters.

Joe's Philosophy

From Yorkshire comes this story of the odd-job man who was digging up the kitchen garden.

He seemed to be working hard, but his employer thought he was handicapped by the long overcoat he wore, which was often in the way of his spade. After watching him a little while the employer said, "I say, Joe, wouldn't it be easier if you took your overcoat off?"

The odd-job man straightened his back, looked his employer fairly in the face, and said: "For a shilling an hour I takes my coat off, and for one-and-two an hour I takes my jacket off, but for the tenpence an hour you're paying me I keeps me coat on."

Just For Kindness

Because Miss Edith Wilson was always kind to his family Mr W. Sykes, of Huddersfield, has left her £4 a week.

Things to be Thankful For

THE world is full of fears and bad things; let us look at a few of its hopes and good things.

There seems to be a feeling that peace is safer than it was; certainly we are very much stronger, and less at the mercy of any attack.

In spite of all the bitter happenings in Spain a new era seems likely to be dawning there with foreign influence removed.

Our relations with America were never more friendly, and America was never more awake to the need for watchfulness and preparedness.

There have been very many signs of a growth of better feeling between the German people and this country, following probably on a better understanding since millions of Germans listened to British wireless news.

The Prime Minister's declaration that our interests are supremely bound up with those of France has been a steadying factor in Europe.

All over the world it is increasingly recognised that our British defences

are meant for safeguarding the peace of the world and for no aggressive purpose.

With certain exceptions the gross attacks on this country in the Italian papers have quietened down.

Germany is sending hundreds of buyers to the British Industries Fair and Italy has sent over 60; and the President of the Board of Trade is to visit Berlin and the Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade is to visit Moscow.

In spite of the heavy numbers of our unemployed the number of those who have been idle for a year has fallen by 200,000 in four years.

As for the refugees, the best news comes from Lord Baldwin's Fund of the finding of homes for those who have come to this country.

As for the great cost of our defences, though we are to raise hundreds of millions it is likely that there will be no rise in income tax.

There is always something to be thankful for: let us go on hoping.

Walking 30,000 Miles to Health

It was a sad day for Sergeant Jack Scott when doctors told him that his lungs were in a serious condition and he had no more than a few months to live.

That was five years ago, and now he is walking his way to robust health. He has been walking ever since that day. Instead of going home to die, this soldier in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders began walking. On his first journey he tramped through France and Italy, crossed to Malta and Tripoli, and went on to Capetown. Now he is in British Columbia, hale and hearty, his lungs in fine form, a vigorous man of 55 who has walked over 30,000 miles and is all the better for it. In 1933 he left London a doomed man, or so it seemed; so weak that he could not walk more than a few yards without resting. Now he is planning to tramp across Canada.

The Old Umbrella

We hear much about the Prime Minister's umbrella, but a customer at a London store has a story to tell about it.

It seems that he went into the umbrella department of the store, and as the assistant turned away a moment the customer noticed a sorry-looking umbrella in a corner, and remarked, "I suppose that is Mr Chamberlain's umbrella?"

"As a matter of fact," replied the assistant, "it is. It has just come in for repairs."

The customer could hardly believe his ears, but there was no doubt about it, for the umbrella bore the name Neville Chamberlain.

HOMAGE TO WILLIAM TYNDALE

Continued from page 1

Tyndale's new edition appear to have been printing in the same summer in the same town, but Joye's was first, and Tyndale, hastily scanning it, sat down and wrote his preface "yet once more to the Christen reader," with his protest against the making of such changes as he himself durst not do, "though the whole world should be given him for his labours."

Tyndale was seized and strangled two years later; George Joye continued to uphold the banner of the new faith, and his works were publicly burned. He later returned as a rector in Bedfordshire, and died in 1553.

The Motorist Who Came Back

Not all motorists run away after an accident; most of them have the humanity to come back.

Fourteen years ago a motorist was concerned in an accident at Leigh, in Lancashire, in which an 11-year-old boy was involved. The boy, now a man of 25, has just died as a result of the accident, and the motorist came forward at the inquest the other day, although he lives a long way off and only by chance read the account of the boy's death in the newspapers.

These Seven

A C N reader at Eltham, writing in reference to our cases of old people, sends us news that his family is seven, three women and four men, and that they were born in the Society Islands of missionary parents. The ages are from 63 to 77, averaging 70, and Mr Green assures us that they are all on their way to ticking off another milestone on life's journey.

We send them our greetings and pray that they may pass many more milestones in health and peace.

Delegate From the Vatican

An event of great importance to all Roman Catholics is the coming to England of Archbishop William Godfrey, the first Apostolic Delegate from the Vatican since the Reformation. A Lancashire man who has spent many years in Rome, the Archbishop clings to his native dialect and still loves Lancashire ways.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The British Industries Fair is better than ever this year at Olympia, Earl's Court, and Birmingham; £50,000 worth of orders were placed the first day.

In twenty years the average height of boys and girls between 12 and 13 has increased by two inches and their weight by about seven pounds.

An English boy two and a half years old has come 4000 miles by air from Iran (Persia) for treatment in Great Ormond Street Hospital.

Children playing in the street at Rusthall, Tunbridge Wells, the other day saw the hounds chase a fox and tear it to pieces.

Believed to be Europe's first tin-smelting camp, a Bronze Age encampment has been found on the banks of the River Fal in the Roseland district of Cornwall.

The Port of London Authority has acquired the Girl Pat, to be used as a wreck-marking vessel.

THINGS SEEN

The 81-year-old Bishop of Sheffield carving the sign of the Cross on the stone lintel of Sheffield Cathedral.

A bat flying about for two hours on the verandah of Harrogate Hospital.

A model of Mr Chamberlain's umbrella as a symbol of Prosperity at the British Industries Fair.

THINGS SAID

I think herrings and oatmeal make a good breakfast. The Queen at the B I F

Perhaps it would not be a bad thing if we ourselves were to show a little more confidence and not allow ourselves to believe every tale that comes to us about the aggressive intentions of others.

The Prime Minister

The time is coming closer when we shall see a rift in the clouds, and the opportunity of substituting an enduring peace for this fitful, feverish international atmosphere.

The Minister of Pensions

There was once an idealism about flying, but our civilisation has almost created a weapon which will destroy itself.

Lieutenant-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M P

It is my self-confidence and reliance on God that inspires my actions.

King Farouk of Egypt

The success of one country is not enough.

Duke of Gloucester

The world today is not so much in need of skill as of character. We do not lack ability so much as purpose.

Mr Rockefeller

All dreams of greatness founded on violence are vain.

M. Daladier

There couldn't be tyranny in this country; the police wouldn't allow it.

Overheard in the Strand

We have suffered from unduly loud radio sets and are trying to stop the nuisance.

Noise Abatement League

THE BROADCASTER

AN unknown friend has sent £10,000 to the Mothers and Babies Hospital at Woolwich.

WORKERS in 7000 British factories now drink milk as part of the day's routine.

ALL the girl refugees arriving here from Germany and Austria have been placed in homes.

THE Hospitals Emergency Bed Service now commands 5000 beds.

A NEW motor lifeboat has been built for Fleetwood from a legacy left by a Manchester lady.

The Horse-Lovers • Television • A Rooftop by the Thames



The Day of the Horse—A refreshing change from roads crowded with cars is this delightful picture of a meet of the Berkshire Driving Club at Bradfield College not long ago



Television—Miss Elizabeth Cowell, one of the announcers whose voice and features are familiar to thousands of televiewers, before the camera at Alexandra Palace



Spring Comes to London—Girl office workers enjoying the midday sunshine on a rooftop overlooking the Thames near Tower Bridge

GERMANY'S LOSS BRITAIN'S GAIN

A Great Library Finds a Home

Taking care of other people's property is very often a thankless job; it so frequently assumes the proportions of a white elephant.

To most of us a collection of 80,000 books would prove such an encumbrance, but a guardian for a library of this number of books has been found under the roof of our Imperial Institute at South Kensington, where it was opened for students the other day by Lord Lee.

Known as the Warburg Institute, it is far from being a white elephant, for it was one of the best-known private collections of its kind on the Continent, having been gathered into his private home at Hamburg by Dr Aby Warburg, a German Jew who died a few years after the Great War. His family kept the collection together, so valuable is it to students of what is known as the classical tradition. The books deal with religion, social life, science, fine arts, and literature, while there is a supplemental collection of photographs.

When, in 1933, there was a danger of this valuable collection being dispersed Lord Lee persuaded the owners to allow it to be brought to this country, and it was lodged in Thames House. Now that the University of London has released room at the Imperial Institute, the Warburg collection has been transferred to a home where students can consult the works on weekdays up to 7 p.m. and on Saturday to 2 p.m.

This establishment of a German library in London is like a new version of the dispersal of classical masterpieces from Constantinople when that city was captured five centuries ago, though we hope the day is not far distant when it will be possible to send back these books to that famous Jewish family duly honoured once again in a free and ennobled land.

150 Square Miles For England

It has been pointed out that land reclaimed from the sea gives us much of our finest soil for agriculture, some of our best grazing pastures, land for our heavy industries, and land among the finest in the kingdom for recreation. So we must have more of it, especially from such areas as Chichester harbour and the Wash. As to the Wash, Dr Dudley Stamp points out the riches of the land gained there by piecemeal efforts; but if the task were attempted on adequate lines, he says, we should, by constructing a dyke between Hunstanton and Wainfleet, add 150 square miles of magnificent land to the country.

Our Wonderful Post Office

The work of the Post Office continues to grow. Few of us realise what it amounts to, for we see only a little of it.

Telephone users have so greatly increased that now there is one call made for each four letters transmitted; it looks as though calls will beat letters.

The only unsatisfactory item is the 400 million postal orders, for most of them, unfortunately, represent football pool gambling. The profit made by the Post Office is £11,000,000 a year, but monetary profit is the least part of the story; the real gain is good, dependable service at almost cost price.

Bee Dialogue

This little dialogue occurred in a case before a Stockport Court the other day: QUESTION. You know bees do not sting unless you interfere with them?

ANSWER. I have heard that, but I don't believe it. I did not interfere with the bee that stung me.

GOOD NEWS FROM BAD

The Idle Army Grows Less and Less

It is bad news that there are 2,000,000 unemployed. It is worse that they are a standing army.

No honest citizen, whatever his politics, can look on such a picture without dismay. Think of it—2,000,000 men marching in procession to Hyde Park, or along Whitehall to Westminster, to tell the world they had no work to do and could not find it. They could not be got into Whitehall if they packed it from end to end. They would take a day to march into Hyde Park—and out again, still seeking the work they cannot find.

Every one of us, and the CN not last, must ask how such a desperate state of things has come about, and why it is allowed to remain? Whose fault is it? Do not all of us share the blame? Something ought to be done. Why is it not done, and why do we not all take a hand?

Those questions remain. But before we begin to try to answer them let us look into this accusation of a 2,000,000 standing army, which is so convenient a stick for beating the Government and so rejoices our critics abroad. When the 2,000,000 are scrutinised they become a rather smaller army, with a tendency to shrink in a remarkable way.

They include not merely the men who cannot get work, though they are willing to work and able to work; but every person without employment on the day the army is numbered. A man who had been unemployed for a week (in a building trade, for example) would qualify for the army, though he might be back at his job next week.

The Standing Army

The count is made on a single day, and no man, woman, or youth is left out who can possibly be reckoned on that day.

When the army is examined for its "regulars" its numbers fall in a way to alarm the critics, and to reassure those who do not yet believe that England and its Governments are all "putty, brass, and paint." Instead of 2,000,000 the standing army's numbers are fewer than 300,000, and are still falling.

In this big figure (far too big) are included all those who have been out

of work for a month, a week, a day. There are 1,500,000 who have been out of work six weeks, but of those who have been out of work for a year there are not many more than a quarter of a million.

That is bad and sad enough, but it has been far worse, and the glad news is that the number is falling. It was at its highest and worst in May 1933, when it was 483,000. Then it began to fall to 387,000, in January 1935, and more gradually till it touched bottom last October, when it fell to its lowest figure of 275,000. There has been a slight rise since.

Mr Ernest Brown, who became Minister of Labour when the figures of this forlorn remnant were beginning to drop, justifiably claims that the Government has done much to bring the fall about.

Training Centres

What is wanted to hasten the reduction in the number of unemployed men is to fit those who are unskilled to do skilled work, where the openings are more numerous and the pay better. To this end training centres have been established, where instructors who can gain the confidence of the unskilled men can educate them to the standard of skill required of them.

Since the first was established 14 years ago 109,426 men have passed through them, and nearly nine men out of ten have found employment afterwards. There are now 16 training centres, and last year nearly 14,000 unemployed completed courses of training in them, and 12,000 thereupon found work. Men who are unskilled as well as those who are semi-skilled pass through the centres.

There is the problem, that of placing the unskilled man, and here is the solution to it. It is not a complete solution, and we cannot forget that besides the tragic quarter of a million who have no work at all there are very many thousands more who have not enough. But it is clear that the core of the problem is yielding to treatment, and that the minds and hearts and consciences of men of goodwill have been moved to do the best they can to solve this most grave problem.

The Stamp of Greatness

Cecil Rhodes wrote his name vividly on Rhodesia, and Southern Rhodesia is acknowledging the debt by putting his portrait on a stamp.

It is one of the ways in which Southern Rhodesia, the part of Rhodesia south of the Zambesi River, is celebrating its Jubilee. It was in 1889 that Cecil Rhodes secured the Charter of the British South Africa Company.

It was in the Matoppo Hills of South Rhodesia that he quelled single-handed by his presence a rebellion of the Matabele, and in these hills he rests eternally.

It is fitting Southern Rhodesia should look on his leopine head every day—as they may do on a stamp. It is a pity that Great Britain, unlike this part of her dominions, should remain in the splendid isolation of never recognising any of her Empire builders in this simple, evident way. We have more material for good stamps than any other land—and fewer good stamps.

Panama's Biggest Ship

The 51,731-ton German liner Bremen has just sailed through the Panama Canal. She is the biggest vessel ever passing through the canal, taking only 12 hours to sail from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The normal time taken by smaller vessels is eight hours. A charge of £10,000 was paid by the Bremen, which in some locks had only ten inches to spare. She is on a cruise round South America with 300 passengers.

YOUTH PROTESTS

The March of the Two Thousand

CN readers will remember that last October there was a Congress of Youth at Friends House in London, at which 750 delegates from 31 towns in England and Scotland resolved that the voice of young people should be heard.

The Youth Pilgrimage to London which they then planned came up to their best expectations. Over 2000 young people, aged 16 and up, converged on London from every corner of the land last week, rallied with their banners in the sunshine in Trafalgar Square, paraded down Whitehall, and held a rally at the Empress Stadium.

Then they went home in time for work on Monday morning—all save a few who stayed on to interview M.P.s.

It was an impressive sight, that throng of young men and women, perfectly behaved under a self-imposed discipline, carrying their home-made banners: Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates in cap and gown, a contingent of Indian youth with a colourful banner announcing their views, groups from many lands and many societies, each name evoking a host of associations in the hearts of the onlookers—Portsmouth, Southampton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Tees-side, Tyneside, Swansea, Leicester, even Land's End.

What They Ask

These young people came to London to express their views. What are they? Briefly this, that they are full of idealism, full of eagerness to build a better Britain and a better world; but they are not content with the present drift toward war and ruthlessness. They ask for a foreign and a domestic policy that they can wholeheartedly support.

"We have been brought up," they say, "to believe this: Brotherhood, democracy, Christian fellowship means that we cannot be indifferent when Austrian Boy Scouts are suppressed and their leaders thrown into concentration camps; when Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are persecuted; when Chinese universities and schools are bombarded. Not only for conscience's sake, but for the safety of our own people and human kind, we must resist this onslaught on freedom and decency."

These are the young men and women on whom the brunt of war would fall if war should come; have they not a right to be heard?

Why She Took the Candles

A Member of Parliament, discussing the ways of children, has been telling his fellow members of a little boy who, with a passion for lamps that were not his own, was taken to the police to be talked to about the matter, only to arrive home with the constable's lamp!

That boy is not the first child to whom the difference between right and wrong is not naturally evident. Robert Brown and his wife, when living in Italy, had an equally strange experience. Their tea regularly disappearing, they knew that the little girl who waited on them was responsible, but they made no complaint, for they were kindly people. But when their candles began to disappear they thought it time to protest. The little girl offered no denial, and clearly thought the theft of the candles quite pardonable, for she took them, she explained, to burn before a little shrine at the church as an offering for her sin in stealing the tea!

The Old Folks in Paradise

These old people are truly in Paradise, for that is the name of their village, six miles from Wolverhampton, and the Staffordshire County Council has built them 12 houses which are the last word in comfort, and very easy to look after.

Speeding-up a Sun Ray

A selection of sun rays at Bombay has been sealed and bottled up and sent by the swiftest parcel post in the world to San Francisco.

This is another way of saying that at Bombay mid-day the sun's rays fell on a light-sensitive cell, which thereon set up an electric impulse, which in its turn set the wireless going.

The wireless wave was carried by the Indian Radio, and by cable and wireless to London, ready waiting to send it on to New York, which shot it off without delay to San Francisco. At San Francisco other electric robots were in readiness to add the last touch to the operation. As the bottled ray arrived the cork flew out, and touched off by a switch all the illumination of the Golden Gates Exhibition.

Time—something under a minute, including the relays.

The sun, we may note, if we think of it as moving round the earth, instead of the earth turning round under the sun, takes over thirteen hours to make the journey.

The sun supplies the ray. Man supplies the quick transit, almost as quick as thought.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Petone	Pee-toe-nee
Tai-Yuen	Ti-yoo-en
Unna	Oon-nah
Velino	Vay-le-no
Volhynia	Vol-in-e-ah

THE ORGANIST

When all was ready for a performance of the Messiah in Fryth Methodist Church it was learnt that the organist could not be present.

An appeal was made to the congregation in the hope that someone would be able to deputise, but none of the regular worshippers was able to do so. After a time a stranger said he would do his best. He played finely, and the performance was successfully carried through. Only then was it learnt that the organist was an unemployed man tramping from Birmingham to London, who had spent the previous night in a casual ward.

NOTHING LIKE MILK

Denmark, with milk and butter to spare, is now producing what it calls a wine from whey. Whey wine is not alcoholic, but it brought to the country last year a profit of about £150,000.

There seems to be no end to what milk will produce, from knife handles to combs. Last year, at the exhibition in Rome, which had above its entrance the inscription "Mussolini is always right," some wool made from the milk of Italian cows was shown.

WALLPAPER NEWS

Canon Hyde of the Missionary Council of the Church Assembly has been travelling through India to gather impressions first-hand.

The little group of Christians in one country village, having heard that he was coming, cleaned up and even papered their small church in his honour.

When he arrived he found all the walls covered with old copies of a London daily, proclaiming the usual output of murders and sensations, which, most happily, the group of native worshippers were unable to read.

TALE OF A TREASURE CHEST

When a box was delivered at her door two years ago a woman in South Africa refused to pay a charge of 5s 7d for it, so the box was taken back to Mr Harry Ford, assistant master of the Supreme Court at Kimberley, who kept it as a foot-rest.

One day the box split in two, and to his astonishment Mr Ford saw a treasury note. When the box was opened and its contents examined it was found, to everyone's surprise, to contain £14,000.

It seems that the box had been sent from South-West Africa at the wish of a man who had willed all his wealth to his wife.



A wind assisted ski-pram on Lake Placid in New York State

A WONDERFUL MAGNET

What is believed to be the world's most wonderful magnet has been made at the General Electric laboratories in New York State. It weighs less than a fifteenth of an ounce, but will lift a six-pound flat iron. Capable of raising 1500 times its own weight, this remarkable magnet is made of nickel, cobalt, aluminium, and iron.

The Way of an Idle Man

HERE is the story of an enterprising man, unemployed.

He is ready to earn a few extra shillings in any way he can, and during the last heavy snow in Yorkshire he added to his small income in an ingenious way. During the day he had been removing snow, polishing windows, beating carpets, or cleaning sinks; and when night came he was to be found outside a building where a dinner was being given. As motorists drew up he offered to keep an eye on their cars, and then suggested that, as they had been coming through the snow and sand,

the cellulose and chromium would be all the better for a clean up. He had a bucket of water handy, polishing cloths and leathers, and about a score of motorists laughingly gave him permission to give their bespattered cars a wash and brush up.

He set to work with a will. While the guests were enjoying their dinner in the warm hall the unemployed man washed and polished till the cars looked like new. He earned over a pound that night, and was given addresses of several houses where he might call from time to time and clean cars.

TEACHING COURTESY

An enterprising young lady in New York is making a name for herself as a business courtesy expert.

She is Miss Joan Wing, who came to the conclusion some time ago that, although many boys and girls who start work each year are capable at shorthand and typing, or whatever they may have specialised in, most of them have not the dimmest idea how to produce an agreeable and constructive business relationship with people.

So Miss Wing suggested to the heads of important New York firms that she should teach office politeness to their staffs. They thought the scheme excellent, and now Miss Wing is as busy as she can be teaching courtesy.

SHALL WE WEAR WEEDS?

Consider the weeds of the field, how they grow! We are promised that presently they will array us in fine raiment.

The promise is made by a Hungarian engineer who has invented a chemical process to convert both weeds and straw into fine fibres, suitable for weaving into cotton and a silk-surfaced fabric.

This follows on the Italian wool made out of milk, but at present so ill-suited is it to stand up to washing that the process is being revised.

LORD RUMMAGE OF WEMBLEY

Lord Rummage of Wembley has been doing well lately. During nine months of last year he saw to the disposal by incinerator of over 13,000 tons of rubbish, selling part of this to such advantage that he made nearly £2000.

AN ARTIST IN BED

Mr Ernest Stocks is in Doncaster's Isolation Hospital, but his illness does not prevent him from painting pictures.

A young artist of exceptional ability, he has already painted 50 pictures since he went into hospital, and his latest success is a painting called Hospital Veranda. It is the only view he has when he lies in bed, but he has made a fine study of it, and the picture is on show in the Doncaster Art Gallery.

Mr Stocks has exhibited a wood engraving at the Academy; and he is not only an artist but also a musician, having made an unusually fine violin, which he plays with rare skill.

Who Grows the Best Kumara?

THE main food plant of the brown-skinned Maoris of New Zealand when Captain Cook visited their land 170 years ago was the kumara, a sweet potato. The kumara is still a popular vegetable in New Zealand, prized alike by Maoris and British.

At the Government plant research station near the City of Auckland the plant experts have been growing thirty or forty kinds of kumara. These are not all New Zealand varieties, for the kumara family is known in many lands washed by the Pacific Ocean. Some of the varieties of kumara have been imported



When his master's back is turned

THE SNAKE-CHARMERS

When he saw a big snake disappearing down a hole outside the front door of his home in Bendigo, Australia, the other day, 13-year-old Victor Cahill ran to get some other youngsters to help him to dislodge the unwelcome intruder.

They failed to induce it to come out of hiding, but at last one of the boys had a bright idea. Getting his gramophone, he played music so enchanting that the snake put its head out of the hole, and was promptly killed by the waiting snake-charmers!

STEEL UP

It is with uncommon pleasure that we record a recovery in steel output.

The Old Year finished badly with an output of only 655,700 tons in December; the New Year began with a January advance to 811,700 tons. Good as it is, this is only half of the German output.

It seems that British enterprise is still under the war cloud.

ROBIN IN THE STORM

A little robin knew where to take shelter the other day when a violent storm swept the countryside of Indiana.

A farmer saw it fly into his chicken yard, and when, hours later, he went to gather eggs he was surprised to see the robin huddled under the wing of one of the hens!

THE BIRD WATCHERS

A delightful work is being carried out by members of the Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens.

No nest of a rare bird is safe from the ruffians who steal eggs to sell to those enemies of Nature the collectors, so the associates of this body map out nesting areas, and when the birds are brooding their eggs they are watched day and night to prevent their being destroyed.

We hope the work may extend from end to end of the country, so that, no matter how desirable its eggs because of their scarcity-value, any and every bird may be safe to add to our stock of happy life and song.

ROBOT ENJOYS HIMSELF

We hear of a 37-ton mechanical navvy which was being conveyed on an express goods train near Unna in Westphalia when the lashings broke loose.

The monster, finding its arms and jaws unexpectedly free, began devouring telegraph poles, huts, lamp standards, and finally a good portion of Unna railway station, to say nothing of the overhead cables of the town's tramway system. As all this happened in the silence of the night there was no loss of life.

It was some time before the astonished officials recovered their wits enough to telephone to the next station and have the train stopped.

TO THE BUS MAN

A woman lying in hospital in Middlesbrough has written to the driver of the bus which knocked her down.

Instead of upbraiding him for his carelessness, she has apologised for thoughtlessly stepping in front of the bus, and thanked him for his promptness in swerving so suddenly and so saving her life. She wrote:

"I want to thank you for saving my life owing to your presence of mind in swerving when I crossed the road right in your path. I am afraid I gave you a terrible shock. I am sure most accidents are due to our own carelessness (as mine was) in not looking both ways."

COAL DUST AND ROSES

At Thorne, near Doncaster in Yorkshire, is a beautiful colliery—yes, a really lovely coalpit.

Mr Richardson is gardener there, and it is his favourite work. The owners gave him a free hand to transform all the ugly blackness into a garden, and he has done a great deal already. There are refreshing green lawns, flower-beds, trees, and shrubs. More and more flowers appear, and in time he hopes to cover every bit of the black surroundings of the pit.

He does not lack support, either. The miners have beauty at heart, and they bring him plants and seeds from their own gardens. They labour with him in their leisure time, and rejoice as he does over every new flower coaxed out of this coal soil.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

The American University of Toledo has just tried with success a very interesting experiment.

While its young students were in the throes of examinations they were soothed by soft music. Each day an organ recital lasting half an hour was given, which was received with great enthusiasm by the boys and girls, who found the music refreshed their weary brains and gave them renewed energy.

DEATH ROLL OF THE GREAT WAR

Another victim of the Great War has died, Albert Edward Cracraft of Hull, wounded in 1918, and sent home to live as best he could.

Doctors dared not operate, though they knew that a piece of shrapnel was at the bottom of one of his lungs, and for more than 20 years he has had difficulty in breathing. Now his pitiful life is ended, and one more name is added to the roll of honour.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 4 1939



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Tale of a Great-Grandfather

A SAD accident has cut short the career of Dr Imredy as Prime Minister of Hungary. He found that through no failing of his own he had a great-grandfather who was a Jew.

The blow of the discovery fell on him all at once, and at a most unfortunate moment in his career, when he was about to introduce a Bill into Parliament dealing with Jews in a severe manner.

This blot on the Imredy escutcheon befell 135 years ago, and had been forgotten because the intrusive Jewish great-grandfather had been baptised when he was seven years old, so that his indiscretion in being born a Jew had been overlooked. Such a misfortune might occur to any family. Very many families laying claims to long descent would find, if they went far enough back in the examination of their family tree, that at some time or other a Jewish ancestor was sheltering in the branches. In 135 years any man has eight great-grandparents to his share, and the number of such direct ancestors doubles four times over in a century.

Following out this calculation, it will be evident that families which came over with the Conquest in England, or settled in Hungary under the first Duke Stephen, must have accumulated millions of ancestors in the intervening centuries, and it would be almost a miracle if there were not a Jew among them.

Such a miracle might have occurred in the families which have produced at long last the Dictators of the twentieth century. But it is not likely.

The German Fuehrer or the Italian Duce might regard it as an insult to be told that they were the seed of Abraham; but they ought in fact to be proud of it if they recalled the immense army of great men in Science and the Arts whose genius owed something to the Jew.

This insane campaign against the Jew, which has spread like influenza from country to country, will in time subside, but the Jews will still be here. They will survive it all, and the lands receiving them as exiles will profit in some future generation by the toughness, vitality, and indomitable industry of this enduring race.

If the Jew is unpopular, and it would be idle at this time to deny that he is, the cause is to be sought in the way he has been treated by peoples who have never let him forget that he is an alien among them.

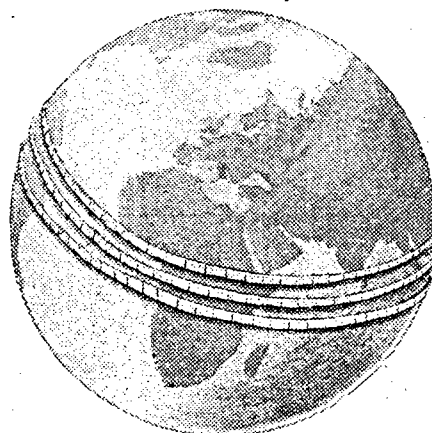
The Plane and the House

THE C N pointed out long ago that if stern regulations were not made our houses would be gravely endangered by falling aeroplanes.

Such accidents are becoming too common. It is high time that all aviators, whether experts or learners, military or civil, were more carefully controlled. If strict rules are not made the growth of flying will in a few years make the air death-roll as big as the road massacres we now tolerate almost as a matter of course, though it is little short of social murder.

How easily it is forgotten that an aeroplane must come down if its engine fails; and that engines may fail, and that aviators are often hampered by bad visibility and dense fog.

Where the Money Goes



The £800,000,000 to be raised for National Defence would, in Treasury Notes, reach three times round the world at the Equator

No Salute For Overdrafts

THE days when a gentleman automatically took off his hat when going into a bank where he had an account are unfortunately no more, but we heard the other day of a Scotsman who raises his hat when passing one of Glasgow's banks.

He does not always do it, however; we hear that he explained to a friend the other day that he only does it when his account is in credit. It is a salute to his balance.

Vulgarity, and Worse

Is it not more than time the B B C put some check on the performers in its variety programmes?

Old and stale jokes and songs guiltless of any real melody are bad enough, but that is the least part of it. There is far too much sheer vulgarity, and worse.

We know of one well-known Englishman who now refuses to listen to any variety since a grossly vulgar play was broadcast early in this year. It is incredible to us that the Governors of the B B C can tolerate some of the language which seems to be accepted now as a matter of course.

A Man, a Woman, and the Book

THE author who has never seen anybody read his books will be interested in this story of Mr Sinclair Lewis, the American novelist.

On a ship he saw a woman reading one of his novels. He paused, whispering to his friend, "Look! Here is fame at last! Here am I, and there is an obviously intellectual woman absorbed in one of my books."

But he had spoken too soon. The woman closed the book with a snap and threw it overboard.

Astonishing Figures of London

LAST year the number of children born in County Council London was only 64,274.

We say "only" because the number is far short of that required to maintain London's population, which increasingly consists of old people. For each 1000 of the population the number born was 13, but 20 are needed to maintain London's population.

The London school record is astonishing. In 1929 there were 625,000 children on the school registers. Now the number is down to 420,000.

JUST AN IDEA

It is good to think at times of the old proverbs. Be very kind, and always be a little blind.

Under the Editor's Table

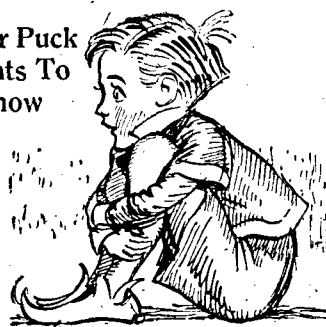
A WRITER says he has many long-standing friendships. Must meet his friends in the street.

A THEATRE-GOER says the stage needs elevating. He evidently sits in the gallery.

MPs ask a lot of unnecessary questions. Think Parliament is an old curiosity shop.

THE newspapers are full of depressing things, says a writer. That isn't news.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If anyone can stand sitting still

A CHAMPION deep-sea diver has been discussing his plans. What is he going in for next?

A WRITER declares that pickpockets are trained like soldiers. A reflection on our Army.

BEING a humorist is a strain. Especially on your friends.

A NEW colour is called clover. But those seen in it are not always pigs.

CONFUCIUS SAYS

ALTHOUGH Confucius lived so many centuries ago many of his sayings are wonderfully applicable to the present day.

He himself made no claim to originality, but described himself as a collector of sayings, and a great deal has been added to the books of Confucius since his days.

Still, after rejecting much of the chaff and making every allowance, the mind of a great thinker is revealed. These sayings remain:

A gentleman takes as much trouble to find out what is right as a lesser man takes to discover what will pay.

Moral force never dwells in solitude; it always brings neighbours.

Is Goodness, indeed, so far away? If we really wanted Goodness we should find that it is by our side.

You may rob three armies of their commander, but you cannot deprive the humblest peasant of his opinion.

To My Dog Rags

I HAVE not had
You very long,
Yet I have found
A friendship strong.

I too have found
A rare surprise:
The silent language
Of your eyes.

Your looks are words;
They seem to say:
*I'm with you in
Your pain or play.*

*And when you cross
That Great Divide
You'll find me on
The other side.*

Egbert Sandford

Lost Fatherland

It may not be great poetry, but we are constrained to print for the benefit of Herr Hitler this lament of a little refugee boy for his lost Fatherland. It is pathetic that so brave a spirit can be turned out of its country.

O Germany, our Fatherland,
Land of power and hope and glory,
How strange you seem since we were banned,
A fairyland, a far-off story.
You, land for which our parents fought,
Where we were born, bred, educated,
Our heritage you from us wrought,
Our hopes and plans annihilated.

And then, in the two verses which follow, a prayer that God will give freedom to the German people, come the lines:

But we forgive you, Fatherland,
O, Germany, lost Fatherland.

This little poet refugee, now happily safe in England, is twelve.

The Bar to Happiness

Sin is the great block and bar to our happiness, the procurer of all miseries to man both here and hereafter. Take away sin and nothing can hurt us.

John Bunyan

He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even when he is right.

Cato

BARBARISM

A Debate in the House of Lords

Those who would see how far back into barbarism the world has gone will find interest in a House of Lords debate the other day.

Lord Strabolgi said that on his cousin's property in the north of Scotland there were excellent examples of Pictish caverns which had lasted from some centuries B.C. Now, after all these centuries of so-called civilisation, we were contemplating building slightly less artistic shelters to protect us from our enemies. The wheel had gone full circle and we were back to barbarism. He took his own personal steps in this matter nearly three years ago.

Viscount Esher advocated the construction of a great central place, say, under Green Park, which could be used in war-time not only as a shelter against air raids but also as a casualty hospital. From this central place there could be great roads radiating north, south, east, and west, over which people could be evacuated and supplies could be brought in. The excavated soil could be used for creating valuable building sites on low-lying land. A toll could be charged for motorists using the roads until the costs of construction had been paid off.

Lord Killanin said it was possible to build against bombs and not bury ourselves like rabbits. In China he saw concrete houses in which people could live on four of the six floors.

The Earl of Glasgow emphasised the importance of providing protection for fire brigades and the police.

This is what happens in these days in our Houses of Parliament. Whether things get better or worse, these are the matters our statesmen debate from morning till night as we approach the middle of the 20th century of Christianity.

A Bit of Mount Everest

A friend of Pope Pius the Eleventh tells a forgotten tale which links him with Mount Everest.

He was an ardent Alpine climber in his younger days, and when the British Expedition to Everest reached its highest point on May 27, 1922, the members of the Expedition remembered that only three months before an Alpinist had become Pope.

Before setting out on their descent from 26,000 feet, the highest point then reached, they broke off a fragment of rock and sent it to Rome.

It was made into a paper-weight and the British Minister to the Vatican presented it to the Pope. He was delighted with the gift, and still more with the thought which had inspired it. Taking a sheet of paper with his coat-of-arms, he at once wrote in English, "To the Members of the Mount Everest Expedition from Pius XI, his grateful, his most grateful thanks," and had it sent to the donors.

Parliament Short of Room

Mr H. A. Taylor, a President of the Institute of Journalists, has directed attention to the fact that the London representatives of foreign newspapers are denied facilities for reporting the debates in Parliament.

Even the representatives of Dominion papers have to go to the Foreign Office for permission to sit in the public gallery.

The fact is that we need a new Parliament House, with a seat for every member and seats also for the British and foreign press. It would be simple enough to throw the division lobbies into the Chamber and to vote electrically by pressing Yes and No buttons.

A House of Commons without seats for all its members speaks of careless inefficiency. Even the Government bench is too small to hold the Government now.

Strong Enough to Keep the Peace

TREMENDOUS WORK OF DEFENDING THE NATION

THE closing paragraph of the White Paper, while deploring the expenditure on armaments and hoping for better things, nevertheless insists that we must take all steps necessary for our defence in the absence of agreement for a general reduction of armaments.

Of course. But the fact remains that this expenditure is the most monstrous mountain of collective political folly that the world has ever known.

No man of sense could reconcile himself to this colossal diversion of the means of happy life to the means of destruction and death unless he believed that they made actual war less likely. If armaments are necessary to defend a rational and humane conception of the relations between nations, it is equally true that they cry out for an enlightened foreign policy to make them unnecessary. *Scrutator in the Sunday Times*

A STATE paper of great interest to all of us has just been published by the Stationery Office for threepence. It is called a Statement Relating to Defence, and was presented to Parliament by command of the King. It contains 76 paragraphs, and by comparing it with similar statements published in the last four years we can realise how much progress has been made in making the country safe against any emergency.

Much needs to be done, but here is a very brief list of what has been and is being done.

Borrowing powers for the first five-year plan (1937-1942) not being sufficient, and practically half the £400,000,000 having been spent in two years, Parliament is being asked to authorise the raising by loan of another £400,000,000. This sum is in future to provide for civil as well as military defence.

During the financial year which ends with this month the three Defence Departments have spent £388,000,000 compared with £262,000,000 in the previous year, but next year the estimated amount will be £523,000,000.

In 1937 Air Raid Precautions cost £3,500,000, this year £9,250,000, but in the next twelve months £42,000,000 will be spent.

In addition to this sum £9,000,000 is expected as the vote to enable such vital public utility services as electricity, gas, water, transport, docks, and so on to take special protective measures, and to enable sufficient water to be available for fire-fighting.

This year the Government has spent £8,500,000 in buying and storing reserves of food, fertilisers, and oil, and is expecting to spend £5,000,000 next year.

The Navy

Whereas in January 1935 the naval tonnage building was 139,000, this year it was 544,000, and is rapidly increasing; during the next twelve months 120,000 of this tonnage in the form of 60 warships is to join the Fleet, together with 25,000 tons of other vessels. During 1940 and 1941 ships totalling 440,000 tons are to be added to the Navy.

Two capital ships are to be included in the 1939 programme, making nine under construction, one aircraft-carrier, making six, four big cruisers, two destroyer flotillas, and 20 fast escort vessels of a new type.

In addition to this new construction three capital ships are being refitted, while anti-aircraft armaments are being added to other ships.

In the last six years the number serving in the Fleet has increased by over one-third, while the Fleet Air Arm is to double its numbers next year.

The Naval Reserves are also to be expanded and the R.N.V.R. is to form new divisions for anti-aircraft work.

The Army

Additional anti-aircraft equipment has been put in hand for the Army, which is fast accumulating war reserves.

Work on the construction of new Royal Ordnance factories is being speeded up.

Over 37,000 men enlisted in the Regular Army last year, and there were more candidates for commissions than posts to fill—a complete reversal of the previous year.

A new class of warrant officers has been formed, while promotion from the ranks has been made easier.

In 1938 recruits for the Territorial Army numbered 77,000, a record since the war, and this force is now 90 per cent of establishment: 100,000 recruits are required this year.

The Territorials have been reorganised to provide a mobile division in war, and in place of two anti-aircraft divisions they now have five.

The Air Force

In 1938 there were 35,000 recruits for the R.A.F.; 20,000 are required this year.

The R.A.F. has now twelve service training schools; three more are shortly to be opened in Scotland; and 30 civil flying schools are training both service pilots and volunteer reserves.

The balloon barrage scheme, started last year, has now 47 squadrons.

The monthly rate in the delivery of aircraft doubled last year and is increasing very rapidly.

Not only is the Government erecting new factories for our aircraft firms, but it has placed contracts for bombers and fighters in Canada, and has sent a mission to Australia and New Zealand for a similar purpose.

Training aircraft and other machines have been ordered from American firms.

A R P

Under Air Raid Precautions schemes the country has been divided into twelve regions with officers, and inspectors are being appointed for fire brigades and shelters.

A Commissioner for each region is to be ready to take full control of all civil matters should local communication with the central Government break down during a war.

Before the recent issue of 20 million handbooks over 1,100,000 men and women had enrolled for A.R.P.

The local authorities have now distributed 40 million gas masks.

Steel shelters to protect ten million dwellers in small houses are being provided at a cost to the State of £20,000,000.

In an emergency 200,000 hospital beds would be available in 24 hours, and 50,000 extra beds have already been bought.

Orders have been placed for 18,000 pumps, and 710 of S.40 fire-precaution schemes have been settled.

Such is the vast effort in work and money for the defence of its people that this country is now engaged on. It does not follow that the money will be spent or that the huge Navy will come into being. We all hope it may not be needed. A firm step toward peace on the part of the Dictators and our weapons of defence could be sheathed—and with glad and great thankfulness.

LAST LAP TO OPEN COUNTRY

London's New Way Out

After years of waiting and talking, the Western Avenue out of London is to set out on its last lap to reach the open country.

Western Avenue now begins at Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, and takes the traveller on his way 11 miles to Uxbridge. When completed it will join up all the built-up areas of Middlesex in a direct line with the open and modern stretch of the Oxford Road, just where both these highways will join the great Orbital Road that is yet to be.

In other words, a London lung will have a new windpipe to enable it to breathe fresher air, and the Londoner who is carried along it will have a heartening glimpse of the Green Belt which is to be his portion.

This last lap is to be made practicable by a viaduct carrying the avenue over Fray's River and the Great Western Railway on the borders of Middlesex and Bucks. Beyond the Middlesex boundary the road will cross the Grand Union Canal and the River Colne by two new bridges. From these onwards an embankment will carry it to the Oxford Road near Denham.

Both the railway and Fray's River lie in the valley of the Colne. The viaduct together with the new bridges will span the whole breadth of the valley, 500 yards from end to end. Its great length diminishes it to a very flat arc, rising to more than 40 feet above rail and road, field and river, in the middle, and in the architect's design it has an appearance of strength without heaviness.

When finished, which will be about two years from now, its material of reinforced concrete will be diversified by brick-faced piers and parapets. The viaduct will cost £160,000; other charges and the continuation of the road into Bucks will bring the cost to about a quarter of a million.

Two carriageways, cycle tracks, and footpaths will find accommodation in its 87-foot width, and owing to its length the rise to its highest point from either side will be almost imperceptible.

Caesar's Canal

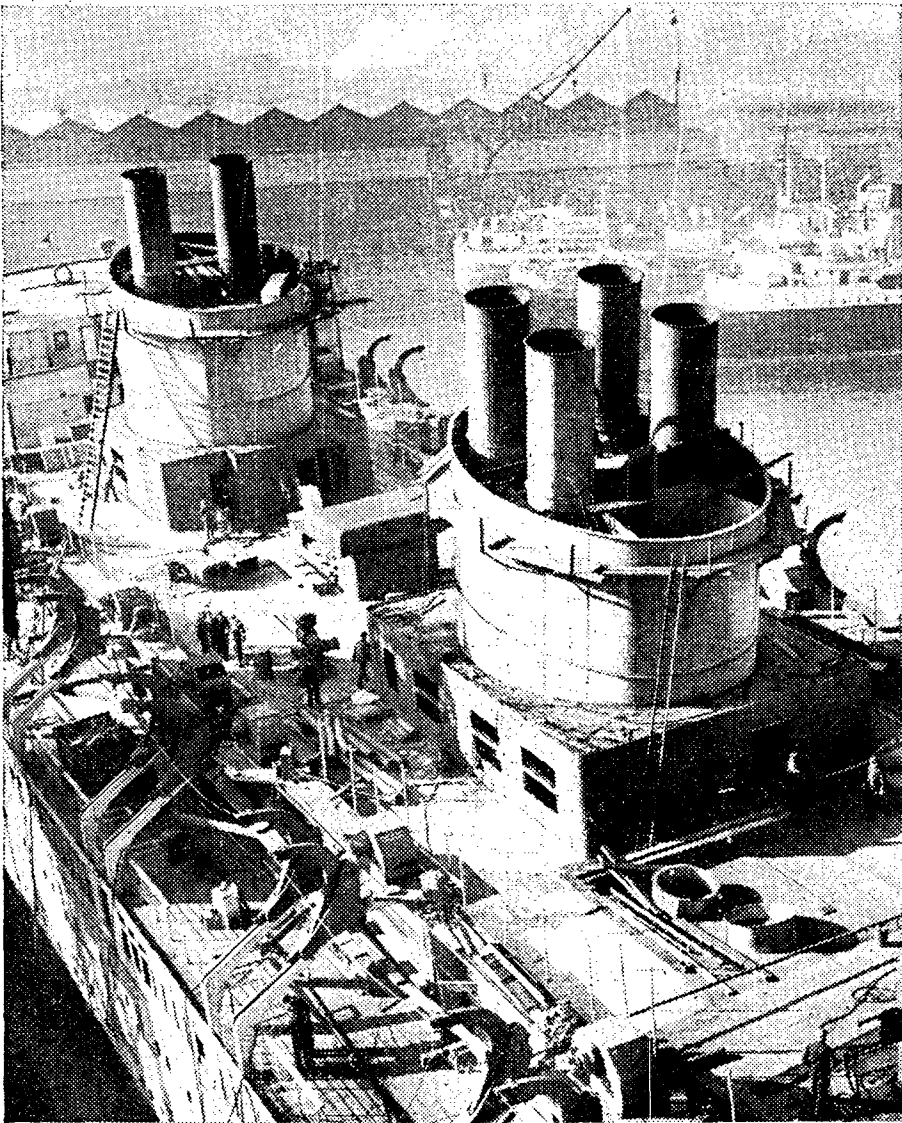
Obstructions having been removed, ships are steaming again by a rocky channel through the Isthmus of Corinth, a canal four miles long, 70 feet wide, and 26 feet deep connecting the gulfs of Aegina and Corinth.

The world had to wait 19 centuries for this canal. The Corinth to whose people Paul addressed his two Epistles was built by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C., exactly a century after its destruction by the Romans. The men Paul found there were principally either Caesar's veterans, placed there by him as colonists, or their children, with a number of freed slaves and returned exiles. His city perished in 1858 in an earthquake.

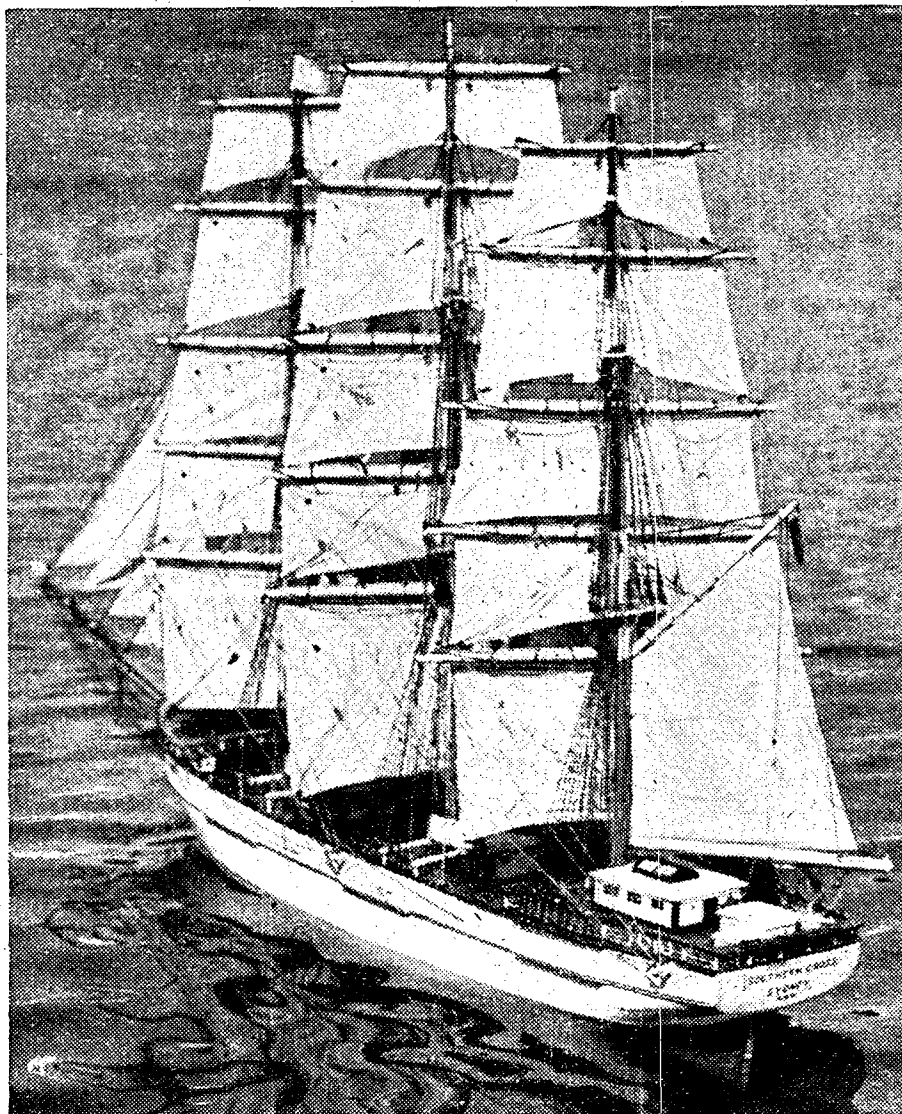
Caesar's Corinth was the great centre of commercial traffic on the overland route from Rome to the East. It possessed the only good harbour in that part of the world, but such was the fear entertained by mariners concerning the perils of the outer seas that great ships for the East would unload their cargoes at Corinth and have them carried overland; smaller ships were dragged bodily overland across the isthmus and re-floated on the other side.

Recognising the waste and folly of these methods, Caesar prepared plans for cutting a canal across the isthmus, but was assassinated before he could give effect to his scheme. Nero, a century later, actually began the work, but he too died a violent death with the task left unfinished, and not until 1893 was Caesar's dream carried to completion, 1937 years after his death.

Big Ship and Little Ship



The new Mauretania, here seen under construction at Birkenhead, will have eight funnels, but only two will be seen. When the two main funnels are completed to their full height of 56 feet above the top deck they will hide the six smaller funnels seen in the picture



A splendid model of the old windjammer Southern Cross on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. The model was made by Mr Edwin Brooks of Pimlico, an old-time grain ship seaman

POOR OLD STICK- Evil Cann

WE know a man who says that when he reads that the world is going to the dogs, and that civilisation is rushing headlong to ruin, he comforts himself with one thought: *It isn't so.*

How good that is. Let us be thankful for the suggestion and try practising it, and perhaps it is worth while to think it out. Let us try to reason out that Evil cannot control the world.

The fact is that Evil is a poor old Stick-in-the-Mud which is just saying No to Evolution. Evolution wants to go on. It has moved a tremendously long way from the first speck of protoplasm. It has produced grass and trees, insects and fish, birds and animals, men and men of genius; but it still wants to go on. It was not content with a chariot, and pushed on till it got a carriage. It was not content with a carriage, and pushed on till it got a train. Now it has pushed on to the car and the plane; always it is pushing on to something better.

Seeking a Goal

You can see what it has done with the human race. Was it satisfied with the savage? The savage was a marvellous achievement. If you and I had been given a speck of jelly to play with, and had gone on pushing at it for millions of years till we had persuaded it to become a Red Indian, how proud we should be! We should probably have stopped long before.

But Evolution jumped from the gorilla to the savage, and on from the savage to the Egyptian and the Chinese and the Phoenician. Even then it was not satisfied. It pushed on till it got to the Israelite, and till it got to the Greek. Think of the journey from the gorilla to Isaiah, from the savage to Socrates. Evidently this creative energy we call Evolution is anxiously seeking some goal.

Now see for yourself what part Evil has always played in this great movement of Life. Our grandfathers used to draw marvellous pictures of Evil, representing it as a man in black armour, or as a creature with horns and tail, or anything dark and terrible and destructive, anything that could frighten them. When they caught anybody doing a thing that was evil they were so afraid that they killed him, or transported him, or threw him into a dungeon.

Evil Does Not Grow

But we have come to learn from science, as it reveals to us the glorious laws which govern the starry universe and the heart of man, that Evil is a thing rather deserving our pity than commanding our fear. It is the Stupid Boy of the class. It is the Village Fool. It is poor old Stick-in-the-Mud.

Instead of killing people we send them to the doctor. Instead of transporting people we build a school in their midst. Even our prisons are becoming kinder and more helpful.

Our new knowledge helps us to understand one striking characteristic of Evil, which is our best ground for optimism. *Evil does not grow.*

It is exactly like a fearful disease; certain cells refuse to split up like most other cells, and refuse to grow;

and because of that refusal other cells cannot move, their path becomes blocked, and disease is given its chance. That is the chief characteristic of Evil. It does infinite mischief to the health of the world, it hinders progress, it stops advance, it keeps us all hanging about when we should be pressing on to the goal; but, all the same, *it cannot grow.* It destroys itself. It dies out.

The whole record of history tells of evils swept away and of good things growing stronger. Parliament brings,



Always Prejudice and Ignorance have tried to hold back progress. The cartoon is by Sir Bernard Partridge, and is

in Bill after Bill to do away with Evil; but what Parliament will try to destroy science, to sweep away art, to stop knowledge, to make charity a crime?

Perhaps you begin to think about Russia and Germany. They, you say, have abolished religion. But history cannot be judged by its moments. Wait till the hour strikes. There was something of the same spirit in the French Revolution, but it passed. We ourselves in England opposed the most useful of all scientific inventions, but that also passed. Wait till the hour strikes, and see what Russia and Germany will become. The men in those countries who are striving to oppose progress and truth are trying to put back the hand of Time; but suppose they succeed so far as to destroy their countries?

CK-IN-THE-MUD ot Go On

What then? Their countries will disappear, as the Athens of Pericles and the Rome of Caesar disappeared; and as our own country will disappear if we do not press on to better things. But the hand of Time will move forward; and all over the earth the hour will strike and will register advance.

There is no going back for the human race. The strongest of all our instincts is the first instinct that ever manifested energy on earth—the energy to move upward, to discover truth, to conquer difficulties, to be master of

Rome down to shame, but Roman courage, discipline, law, and engineering are the inspiration of Europe still. Good never dies. It is the most striking fact of history. Evil may appear to overshadow the earth; it may appear to be trampling Good under its feet; but it passes, and Good is seen, not in the dust, but pressing forward to scale another height.

It is the same with men as with nations. What do evil thoughts promise us—life or death? Are we proud of them, or ashamed? Do they satisfy us, or fill us with unrest? Ask a doctor whether a bad man is likely to live longer than a good man. Ask the prison warden whether his cells are filled with good men or bad. Ask yourself whether your sins are on the side of health or disease, freedom or slavery, life or death.

The Impulse of Evolution

But, on the other side, who doubts that his good thoughts promise him the wages of life, and life eternal? To love to the uttermost, to serve others till the last hours of life, to be kind, merciful, unselfish, helpful, to worship God with all the mind and all the heart—who doubts that this is to enter into life? Is it not true that we are only vitally conscious of a thrill in life when we are at our best?

When Jesus said He had come into the world that men might have life He put Himself at the head of Evolution, made Himself the captain of the battle-line of truth. Only in goodness is there progress and life. It is the only spirit which goes to the goal.

To go forward is to obey the impulse of Evolution; and if order is not chaos, and if truth is not a lie, and if love is not a madness, to go forward must mean at least to find something. But to go backward is to resist the irresistible, and so to perish. Man can fall back a little, but cannot fall far before the ground gives under his feet.

There is no reading in the world half so absorbing and wonderful as history if we read it with the clue of Evolution in our mind. To follow the rise of men and nations is to see the vast bulk of the human race dragged slowly upward by a few, and to feel that no work on earth can compare with serving those noble and valorous souls. It is not true that the world is going to destruction, but it is true that the best of the human race eagerly press on to the goal.

Let Us Be Optimists

The mass of men are content with things more or less as they are; they are tired, sluggish, unimaginative, and dull; and they have to be awakened, vitalised, filled with thanksgiving and enthusiasm. As for those who are pulling backward, we need not condemn them, for we are told not to judge but even to love our enemies. But do not let us be frightened of them. Rather let us be sorry for them, wishful to help them, thinking of them as people who should be nursed back to reality.

So let us be optimists, however dark the days may be, however hard the struggle is. The Eternal God is still our refuge, and underneath us are the Everlasting Arms.



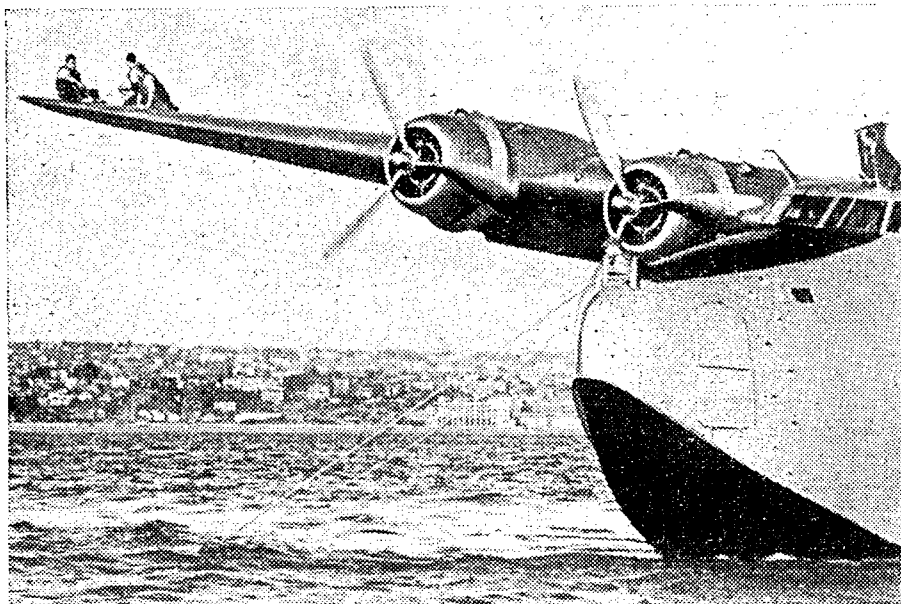
Back Progress, as shown in this fine cartoon reproduced by courtesy of Sir Samuel Turner

all circumstances. Let it become the centre of all your thinking that this first impulse to change and grow must have come from God.

Against this tremendous impulse Evil can exert only the resistance of surrender. Evil is the past of the human race, our memory of the past, our dream of slothful days and restful ignorance. Some men will always want to go back. Some nations will go so far back on the road of progress as to perish. But life will never lack the service of men who love beauty, seek truth, and desire goodness, and, be they only a handful against the world, they will conquer.

They conquered in Athens, in Rome. Sin and disease destroyed Athens, but the thoughts of her greatest men are working at this hour. Nero dragged

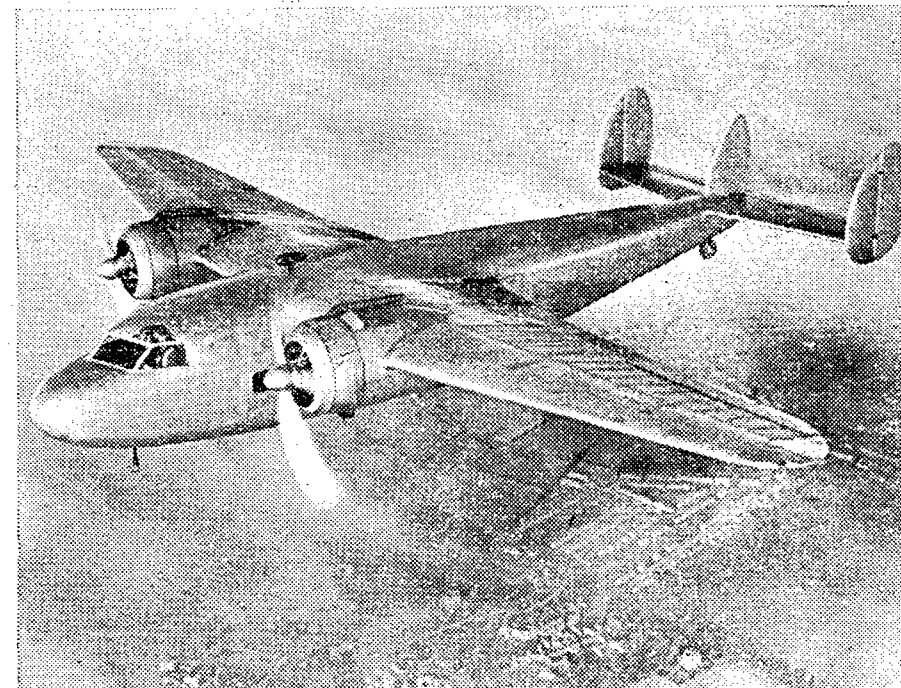
Picture-News of the Skyways



The three men are sitting on the wing-tip of this Boeing Atlantic-type clipper to help to keep the plane on an even keel as it rides at anchor in rough water at Seattle in Washington State



Officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force studying a map before making a flight from Sealand Aerodrome in Cheshire



A new all-metal commercial aeroplane, the De Havilland Flamingo, which cruises at 204 m p h and has a top speed of 247 m p h

A COMING INVENTION

Glass Without Reflections

Glass which, while remaining transparent, will not reflect objects from its front surface is promised by a scientific inventor.

Everyone is familiar with the annoyance caused by the glass which protects pictures in picture galleries. It reflects from its front surface objects in the gallery in such a way that a spectator has to stand sideways to the picture to see it properly. When the pictures have to be photographed without removing them from their places it is usual to put a black screen behind the camera to shut off objects which might be reflected in the glass.

The same difficulty is met with in shop windows. The objects in the window behind the glass often cannot be seen because of the reflections, and for some years curved windows have been put in many shops to get rid of them. This cannot well be done with glass that covers pictures.

Curved glass will not be necessary if experiments now being conducted in a university laboratory answer all expectations. The glass is covered, or coated, with a transparent film of special chemicals. This film receives, reflects, and transmits the waves of light in such a way as exactly to neutralise the waves of light reflected from the surface of the glass.

A One-Way Route

Thus rays of light can pass through the film and through the glass, but cannot be reflected from the surface of the glass. Film and glass together make a one-way route.

What actually happens cannot be more exactly explained without going into such scientific details as wave lengths and wave phases, of which C N readers who have studied wireless waves will have heard. But it may be said that the films laid on the surface of the glass, and sometimes on both surfaces, inside as well as outside, consist of fatty acids and the soap of fatty acids.

The most successful of these has proved to be a chemical composition, *cadmium arachidate*, which has been applied in 42 or 44 thin layers on both sides of the glass. Its application is a delicate business, but it extinguishes nearly all visible reflections of light of any wave length.

It has been a success in the laboratory, and so may be hoped for as the answer to a long-felt want in the picture gallery and the shop window.

How the Trains Grow

No doubt road motor-coaches and omnibuses take much from railway traffic, but still the number of trains grows at London's main-line stations.

At fourteen of the principal London stations on an ordinary weekday 1,294,000 passengers use them and 4217 trains arrive at their platforms. Nine years ago the number of passengers was 1,129,000 a day, and the number of trains arriving was 3786.

The busiest terminus for trains is now Waterloo, with 1424 trains in and out of the station daily. The largest number of passengers using a station occurs at Liverpool Street, through which 209,000 travellers pass.

London Bridge, Cannon Street, Charing Cross, and Victoria are increasing in popularity, 144,000 more passengers daily passing through these four portals.

The problem of the rush hours is still acute, and the big stations show striking figures at the height of the crowded times. At Waterloo 24,300 people arrive in an hour during the morning. At Liverpool Street 32,900 passengers alight in an hour.

The Story That Goes On KIEL CANAL'S NEW CHAPTER

THE posters were announcing not long ago "Hitler Kiel Canal Surprise," and a dear London lady whose strong point is not foreign politics was heard to exclaim, "What! Does he want that too?"

It is not quite as bad as that, for Herr Hitler does not want the Kiel Canal, which he has; he is to widen it and deepen it. There will be no crisis over it.

Once again the canal has to move with the times, and is to be enlarged because the engines of warfare are growing bigger. It has to be widened to allow the passage of the 35,000-ton battleships which are the latest development of Navies, and Germany is preparing to pay the cost of several such battleships to meet the need.

A Peaceful Origin

The canal has a long history, beginning in days when there was no United Germany and no suggestion that she would need a fleet. It was originally the Holstein Canal, about 26 miles long, connecting the River Eider, which flows into the North Sea, with Kiel on the Baltic shore. It enabled vessels of 120 tons to pass direct from the Baltic to the North Sea, and so avoid the difficult voyage round Jutland. It was only 51 feet wide and 9 feet deep, and it served for a century.

Then, in 1887, works were begun to replace it by a ship canal from Brunsbüttel at the mouth of the Elbe to Holtenau and Kiel, capable of allowing the passage of what were then the biggest steamers. It was wedge-shaped, 172 feet wide at the top, 72 feet at the bottom, and 28 feet deep. In eight years it was completed at the cost of £8,000,000, a wise expenditure, as it saved ships a voyage of nearly 600 miles.

Soon, however, it took on another aspect. Kaiser Wilhelm, not content with being the War Lord of Europe, aspired to challenge the Admiralty of the North Sea, or possibly of the Atlantic, and the Kiel Canal was destined in this plan to be the avenue for the German Navy. But it was not big enough for the purpose.

About this time Admiral Sir John Fisher of the British Navy had given his countenance to a new and bigger kind of

battleship, the Dreadnought. The Dreadnought was the first all-big-gun ship of the modern era. She carried ten 12-inch guns, she was 526 feet long, 82 feet wide, and her displacement was 17,900 tons. The British public declared they wanted eight of them, and got them.

Other nations, including Germany, lifted naval eyebrows in pained surprise, because it was evident they would have to build up to an equality with them: as indeed they proceeded to do, Germany leading the procession, the United States, Italy, Japan, Austria, Russia, and France following in order. But Germany's admirals realised that such monsters could not get through the Kiel Canal. Some £8,000,000 of good German money had been poured into the marshes of Schleswig-Holstein without fulfilling their purpose. It was evident to Admiral Tirpitz of the German Navy (and he made it clear to the Kaiser) that the canal must be reconstructed, widened, and deepened. The task might take seven years. It was begun in 1908. An army of workmen was massed on the Schleswig flats and by enormous exertions and relentless drive it was finished by 1914, two years before schedule. It cost £11,000,000, and was just in time.

The Shelter For a Fleet

Yet Admiral Tirpitz was not quite satisfied, for he complained that the propellers of his ships scraped the sandy bottom; but the Kaiser was delighted. In the canal sidings all his fleet could be accommodated, and, said he, "Germany must be in a position to carry out the saying of Bismarck, 'We Germans fear God and no one else in the world.'"

Four years later the German Fleet was setting out from Kiel to Scapa Flow.

After that the canal saw no warships; it was neutralised by the Peace Treaty, but when Herr Hitler raised Germany from the dust he closed the canal to all foreign warships, and its fortifications sprang to life anew. Now this famous ship canal is to be widened and deepened for the second time.

It is yet another landmark on the world's new Road to Ruin.

Now There Are Five

A SMALL boy found an egg while digging among the remains of an old Maori settlement at the mouth of the Wairau River in New Zealand not long ago.

It was an almost perfect specimen of the egg of the moa, a giant bird which once frequented New Zealand. The moa has been extinct for centuries.

So far as is known there are only four perfect moas' eggs in New Zealand, and they are all in museums. This new one will make the fifth.

This very important egg was discovered at the feet of the skeleton of an old-time Maori who must have been buried on the shores of Cook Strait, which divides the two main islands of New Zealand, long before Captain Cook sailed round the coast 170 years ago.

Good News

Here is good news indeed. The other day the trustees of a Derbyshire Peak Forest Charity met to distribute this year's funds. The fund, established hundreds of years ago, supplied the poor folk of the village with lengths of red flannel; but there are now no really poor people in Peak Forest, and the trustees made gifts of money to the aged and those with the biggest families.

Jean Gets a Medal

While out for a walk with his Irish setter Jean, not long ago, Mr J. Martin, of Fleetwood, slipped down a steep embankment, breaking an arm and becoming unconscious. Jean ran to a group of workmen and led them back to him; he was taken to hospital, and his life was saved. For this Jean has just been awarded a bronze medal by the Canine Defence League.

HEN BATTERIES

Birds as Machines

Some time ago we published details of the "mass production" of fowls and their eggs in America.

The birds are kept in serried rows, and fed and watered automatically. It all seemed very inhuman, this factory method of dealing with live creatures.

The Ministry of Agriculture now publishes an account of such work in our own land under the heading Hen Batteries. The method does not appear quite so mechanical as in America, and the scale of operation is much smaller, but the idea is the same. We are told how the eggs, laid on the sloping wire floors of the cages, roll out into a wire trough.

In some cases derelict industrial buildings are used to house the creatures. The operations do not breed or rear fowls, but merely "use them as animate machines." A properly constructed "hen battery" is described as costing £832. We must all hope that the term "hen batteries" is not quite so ugly as it sounds.

The Commonwealth's Front Door

How important always are our first impressions!

In the days when no one knew very much about Australia sailing ships would arrive in Western Australia laden with families eager to start life anew in the new country. But the port of Fremantle, with its miles and miles of uninspiring ugly bush burned brown by the scorching sun and its tin huts, gave them such a bad impression of Australia that many of them took one look and sailed back to England!

Darwin is now the Commonwealth's front door, and it is good to hear that steps are at last being taken to transform it into the garden city of North Australia. For Darwin at present is one of the most drab and unattractive places imaginable, and does not give the visitor arriving at the Ross Smith Aerodrome from overseas a good idea of the continent.

It is proposed to plant many richly-flowering tropical trees and shrubs, and picturesque avenues of palms. Hundreds of tons of sand are to be pumped into the swamp on the shore by a special sand pump, levelling it and making it into fine sports grounds.

Youth at the Wheel

Illustrating the ambitions of modern youth, someone has been telling the story of a boy of six. "Mumme," he said not long ago, "I'm going to work hard and get a scholarship to Jack's school, and then I'm going to get a scholarship to the grammar school, and then I shall get a scholarship to Oxford, and after that I'm going to drive a bus."

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of March 1914

One Coat For Three Boys. One morning, when breakfasts were being given to poor children, the superintendent of a mission connected with the Ragged School Union noticed a boy wearing a man's coat of a loud checked pattern. There were hundreds of children to receive their breakfasts, and, still watching the procession file past, the superintendent saw again this striking coat.

"Here, you young scamp, what do you mean by coming here a second time?" said he, dragging a boy out from the queue. "I remember this coat. You were one of the first to come." "That wasn't me, mister. That was our Tom; and he ran back into bed while our Bill came, and now he's gone to bed so that I can come."

It was true. There was only one suit between three boys!

MERCURY AND NEPTUNE

Two Worlds Now Approaching Us

By the C N Astronomer

In the western sky Mercury may now be seen in the early evening.

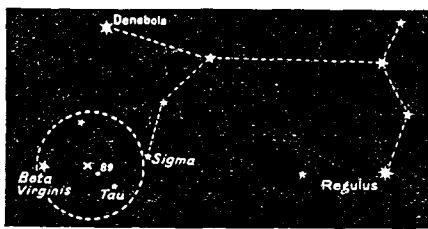
This little fleeting world will be quite easy to locate with the aid of the planet Saturn, which may be readily identified. The lingering twilight and sunset after-glow always make it difficult to find Mercury unless the observer knows just where to look. Fortunately Saturn is now not very far away to the left of Mercury and will be quite obvious as a bright object in the south-west sky.

The best time to look for Mercury is about 6.30, for at present he sets about 7 o'clock; but as the week advances he sets later, and eventually, by about March 20, Mercury will not set until about 8 o'clock, or nearly one hour and a half after the Sun. Thus we have an excellent opportunity for observing him, from 6.30 until about 7.30, with ample time for finding him and with more probability of success, as then he will appear higher in the western sky and against a darker background.

A Pretty Pair of Planets

An easy method of locating Mercury is to note exactly where the Sun has set, and a little later, as soon as the twilight sky is dark enough to reveal Saturn, to draw an imaginary line from Saturn to where the Sun had set. Mercury will be found not far from this line, actually a little way above it and very near to the horizon at the beginning of next week. But Mercury will rise to a higher altitude, and nearer to Saturn, as the evenings advance during the next three weeks. For this growing proximity will continue until March 22, when Mercury will appear only nine times the Moon's apparent width away to the right of Saturn. Both will appear of about equal magnitude, though Mercury will be more golden in hue.

Actually Mercury is now about 125,000,000 miles away, but he is rapidly coming nearer, and in three weeks' time this distance will be reduced to about 70,000,000 miles, though when he is at his nearest to us on April 3 he will be only about 57,000,000 miles away.



The chief stars of Leo, showing the present position of Neptune, indicated by an X in the broken circle, which represents the field of view through glasses

As Mercury will then be almost between the Earth and the Sun he will of course be invisible. The next three weeks will therefore be best for observation, during which time he will pass from gibbous to "half moon" and then to crescent phase.

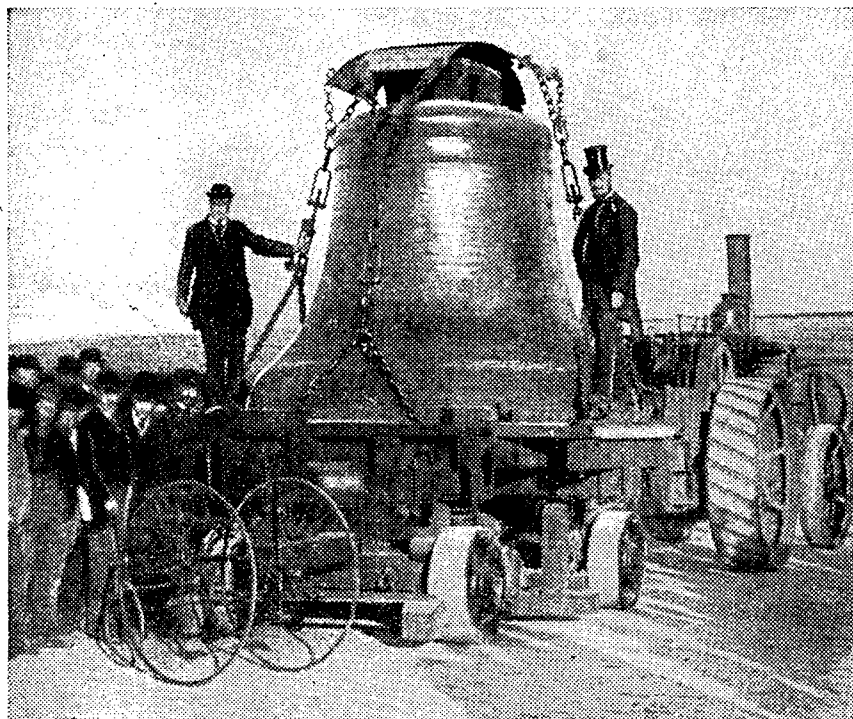
Another planet, the weird and remote world of Neptune, is now approaching his nearest point to us for this year. He may be easily found with good glasses in the south-east sky on moonless nights during the week after next.

Neptune is now in the constellation of Virgo, but it will be easier to find his exact position by the aid of the striking arrangement of the chief stars of Leo, shown on our star-map. The broken circle, approximately the field-of-view of the glasses, indicates the region in the south-east in which he will be found.

As there are several stars about as bright as Neptune (eighth magnitude) in this area, a special star-map on an enlarged scale of this area will be needed to show how Neptune may be identified. This will be given next week, when he will be at his nearest. G. F. M.

Great Paul Comes to London

THE VOICE OF THE CITY



An old photograph of Great Paul setting out for London

GREAT PAUL, the giant bell of St Paul's Cathedral, booms out its deep-throated message to London town every day at one o'clock.

It speaks for five minutes, and has done so regularly day by day for 57 years. It first made itself heard on June 3, 1882, and there must be many Londoners who listened to it on that day, and nearly as many who saw it come to town in the winter before.

Strangely enough, a photograph remains showing it at the outset of its journey to London, and a copy of it has been sent to the C N by a friend. It was cast in Loughborough, Leicestershire, at the famous Taylor bell foundry, and in those peaceful days the journey to London was an event of the first importance.

The bell, 8 feet 10 inches high, 9 feet 7 inches at its largest diameter, and weighing 17 tons, was loaded on a lorry.

The photograph shows it when ready to start, with a gentleman, whom we presume to have been Mr Taylor, standing in frock-coat and top-hat on the lorry as this remarkable bell's principal supporter.

A traction engine drew it, a man with a red flag walked in front, as the law of the day demanded. Road bridges were strengthened to bear the weight as lorry and bell passed over them on its 120-mile journey to St Paul's Churchyard. Crowds cheered it on its way, and the church bells of the towns and villages through which it passed rang out a brotherly greeting.

It stopped a night on Highgate Hill so as to reach St Paul's in the quiet of the early morning. Peacefully it came, and solemnly it has intoned its daily chant over teeming London's roar, never failing except as when a month ago the snow silenced it.

Are Toys Right or Wrong Today?

ARE modern toys too perfect? Does a child get more fun out of an obvious make-believe than out of a toy which is a precise copy of some animal or article?

Miss Ethel Strudwick, headmistress of St Paul's Girl's School, deprecates the gift of elaborate toys to children. Speaking at a Public Health Conference, she said:

"When I think of an old carpenter's bench in the corner of my father's studio on which was perched a doll's house consisting of a wooden box on end, I wonder whether this new-found passion for giving children baby dolls exactly like the real thing, or teddy-bears all glorious with plush, is really making

them happier than did the old make-believe toys which left so much to the imagination."

She also says, in reply to a criticism of these remarks:

"It is a great pity that the children of today do not live in a simpler age, for their own sakes, poor things! I notice that children who are simply brought up to know the real pleasures of fresh air and the open country are much happier than those who live in nurseries crowded with elaborate mechanical toys."

That is unassailably true. There is no indoor substitute for fresh air and the natural recreations that go with it.

Water From the Rock

BEFORE the great exhibition of 1942, when Rome is hoping again to be the centre of the world, the city will have doubled its water supply.

Fresh, pure water will rush into Rome, once the mistress of the world, in an unending supply, all because of what seemed very much like a catastrophe.

Discovered by chance about three months ago, the water was found by engineers who were boring a tunnel through a mountain 40 miles away. It is the mountain in which rise the waters of the River Velino; and in order to

control the waters the engineers had to build a second length of tunnel, a rush of water spouting out and flooding the working area. The second attempt on the mountain resulted in the discovery of a vast subterranean lake supplied by waterfalls. Here, then, was misfortune, for the work of building the tunnel was greatly hindered.

But Italy is learning to turn misfortune into good fortune, and engineers are now planning to harness the energy of the waterfalls, and to convey by an aqueduct as much water to Rome as the city needs.

LITTLE CHINESE JOAN

The Mystery Maid

The C N last summer told its readers something of the story of the Chinese Joan of Arc.

She is still a terrible thorn in the side of the Japanese, who would give as much to make her a prisoner as they would for General Chiang Kai-Shek or his brave wife.

China's Joan has a charming name, Nuija, which means Rose Petal. She is the daughter of a well-known Chinese doctor of Nanking, and is even now barely twenty years old. She somehow saved a whole quarter of Shanghai from being set on fire, and shortly afterwards captured a complete Japanese Staff on reconnaissance near Tai-Yuen.

Her most disconcerting successes consist in getting possession of documents about plans of the Japanese army in advance and nullifying their schemes.

The Japanese claim that they hold absolute personal descriptions of this girl, and they have already shot several in mistake. Her favourite role seems to be that of a beggar girl, but she may turn up as a student of medicine or a dancing girl in the cafés.

Fighting With Her Wits

It is not that she leads the guerilla forces, but that she gives them information leading to the blowing-up of bridges, or railways, or the ambushing of important Japanese detachments.

On one occasion she even went to Tokyo and was scrubbing the parquet floors of a newspaper office of the Japanese capital. Almost at once there was a successful burglary, and the next day the little parquet cleaner had disappeared taking with her whole dossiers of indispensable documents.

She was next heard of at Vladivostok, whence she took passage to the Japanese island of Yezo, and once more got hold of all the necessary papers on the eve of a mobilisation.

Naturally legend weaves itself around this tiny girl (she is said to be only 4 feet 8); one day she is with Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, the next she has been arrested on a Japanese vessel or is in command of a submarine. In reality she knows just what she can do, and acts with prudence and wisdom, and the subtlety of all the Chinese.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

A Very Young Pipe Major

We have been forgetting Scotland again, and again we offer our apologies to those vigorous and intelligent people who have once again got there first.

In the title of our picture of the Dagenham Pipe Major we said that she was the only girl of this rank in the world. We should have guessed that others would be flourishing in the land of the bagpipe, and here is a delightful picture of one of them.

This happy representative is Betty McMaster, not yet 14, and Pipe Major of the Harthill Girls Jubilee Pipe Band, which claims to be the youngest playing pipe band in the world. We expect so, but the world is a very big place.

At any rate, Betty has a very happy face, and her band is proud that she should tune their pipes, and even write their music for them.



TRINIDAD AFTER FOUR CENTURIES A Reproach to Us

It was in 1498 that Columbus discovered Trinidad, the southernmost island of the British West Indies.

England took it from the French in 1797. Thus the island has been known to white men for four and a half centuries, and has been British for nearly 150 years. Yet its inhabitants live in dire distress.

Trinidad has a population of roundly 400,000, of whom about a third are East Indians, descended from men brought from India as indentured labourers. There are perhaps 10,000 Europeans—British, French, and Spanish. For the rest, the population is of mixed African and European descent, mostly African.

As the island has an area of only 1860 square miles, the population amounts to about 215 to the square mile; but much of the area is mountainous, so that there is overcrowding. We may remind ourselves that the United States has only 40 to the square mile.

Good housing and social organisation are obviously necessary in such conditions, but these, alas, do not exist. Wages are low, and living accommodation lower still. Many of the workers in the oilfields live in wretched barracks, which do not shut out the rain.

It is, of course, a tropical land, where disease is quickly bred in such dreadful conditions. While wages are poor, food, which is largely imported, is dear.

These things are a reproach to us.

Moving Pictures Under the Sea

Fascinating films taken in natural colours under the sea were shown by an engineering firm at a recent convention in Detroit; they are the first ever taken in colour, and the photographers not only had camera and divers on the sea bottom, but electric lamps below the water to carry artificial light.

Sea water being greenish, special light filters had to be worked out to put over the camera lens so that the real colours should not be falsified; but it was found that the light "scatter" caused by the water created a mist over all pictures taken at any distance, and only in pictures taken ten or fifteen feet away were the submarine colours really vivid. One of the great surprises of the expedition, which took place off Bermuda, was the complete indifference of the fish, great and small, to the intense beams of light thrown by the lamps, or to the presence of the divers and camera men.

The Sand Hog

We all know what a road hog is—a man who thinks there is nobody else on the road but himself. A sand hog is a much more reputable person: he is the man who makes a tunnel in the sand.

Probably the thousands of human beings who will go through the East tunnel now being made under the New River in New York will have no time to stop and look at a sand hog, but a two-foot statue of one of them made from clay taken from the bed of the river will stand at one end of the tube for all to see.

The Giant in Search of Gold

THERE are many ways of winning gold from the earth, but one of the strangest ways must be dredging for it, as giant machines are doing on the west coast of the South Island of New Zealand.

The biggest gold dredger in the world, costing a quarter of a million pounds, has begun its search for the fine particles of gold which are scattered among the silt carried down by the rivers from the lofty mountain range of the Southern Alps. This dredger is built on the same principle as those used for deepening harbours. It scoops up the mud and soil with its endless string of buckets, and elaborate machinery separates the small amount of gold from the great amount of mud.

The dredger is set on a great pontoon 186 feet long and 72 wide, and is 108 feet above the water level. It looks like a colossal houseboat, and it is capable of digging down below the surface a distance of 110 feet through earth, sand, and stone, all of which is dumped behind after the precious gold has been extracted. This giant dredger has 107

buckets each scooping up 18 cubic feet of earth, and in a month it will deal with half-a-million cubic yards.

Another new gold dredger working in the swampy river flats of this interesting part of New Zealand has 80 buckets on its endless chain, each bucket lifting up 16 cubic feet of earth at a time. It is supported on a pontoon of steel plates 147 feet long and 65 feet wide. Each year it will dig up and treat for gold four and a half million cubic yards of earth. If all goes well with the dredger it will dig up 1700 acres of river flats.

Gold-mining is one of New Zealand's oldest industries. The finding of gold all over the infant colony in the eighteenth century brought tens of thousands of new settlers. The first gold-seekers found gold in the sand of the rivers and streams; then began the more laborious process of mining for the gold embedded in the rock of the mountains. Last of all comes the process of digging up the soil with huge dredgers, and sifting the sand for the particles of gold that have lain there countless ages.

Thomas Carlyle Begins To Think

MOST people who live beyond the woollen district of Yorkshire think of Shoddy as something very poor and cheap.

We speak of shoddy workmanship when we mean that a craftsman has not taken pains and might have done better; and when we use the word in this way we are really following the example of Carlyle, who did much to bring the word into disrepute without knowing what he was talking about. Actually it was not till about 1860 that shoddy came to mean something worthless or pretentious.

Looking into an old book the other day a Yorkshireman found a cutting nearly 50 years old which tells the story of the meeting between Thomas Carlyle and the M.P. for Leeds, one of a number of Yorkshire towns linked with the manufacture of shoddy. The M.P. was introduced to Carlyle as a young manufacturer from Leeds, whereupon

Carlyle immediately asked, "Leeds is a great shoddy manufacturing town, isn't it?"

In his reply the M.P. said: "Do you know, Mr Carlyle, what shoddy is? You write a great deal about shoddy. Would you mind if I told you? Shoddy is rags which are torn up by machinery and washed and turned into wool, and then made into cheap clothing, enabling clean and cheap garments to be manufactured for working people; and thus, instead of handing down—as the Irish are said to do—their coats from generation to generation, working men can be cleanly clad and have a change of clothing."

"Ah," said Carlyle reflectively, "I had not heard of that aspect of the question."

And from that time, we may suppose, the great philosopher began to think on a subject about which until then he had only been writing.

What Do the Eyes of an Animal See?

A cat may look at a king; yes, but can it see a king when it looks at him?

So wrote a great man, and he added: "The beasts of prey never seem to me to look, in our sense, at all. Their eyes are fascinated by the motion of anything, as a kitten by a ball; they fasten, as if drawn by an inevitable attraction, on their food. But when a cat caresses you it never looks at you. Its heart seems to be in its back and paws, not its eyes. It will rub against you, but you may talk to it an hour yet not rightly catch its eye."

We all know that few animals can endure the stare of human eyes; we all know, too, that animals see what they see according to their several organs of sight; but no one knows what these companions of ours really do see.

A dog seems to sacrifice sight to scent. We have again and again noted that a dog does not recognise his master

for certain at even a short distance. In a strange environment a dog only recognises his master by sound or scent. And many a dog will mistake at the distance of only twelve yards a clod of earth for a rabbit, or a blackbird in a ditch for a rat.

"How much of a man," it is asked, "can a snake see? What sort of image of him is received through that deadly vertical cleft in the iris—through the glazed blue of the ghastly lens?"

No man can answer. We have no knowledge of what sort of world is seen by the spider, the bee, and the horse. But this we can say safely, that no animal on the earth is given that wonderful vision of man which enables him to look with mercy on an enemy and with kindness on the unlovely.

Sight is itself a miracle. The human look seems to us to have something in it of the divine.

KU-KLUX-KLAN A Move in South Africa?

We hope the report is not true that a branch of the ridiculous Ku-Klux-Klan has been formed in South Africa, but it is apparent that there is intense feeling against the Jews in the Union.

The new organisation is said to be directed against both Jews and Communists, but the Ku-Klux-Klan is in itself the worst organisation in the world.

At once sinister and childish, it was formed in America after the Civil War to keep down the liberated Negroes. Members rode at night with a white headress holed for the eyes, and spread terror among the blacks. On the mere suspicion of crime a Negro would be hanged (or even burned) without trial.

As time went on the Ku-Klux-Klan enlarged its operations and persecuted not only Negroes but Jews and Roman Catholics. At one time millions belonged to this Terrorist society, which obeyed no law and lynched with impunity.

Even in quite recent years the Ku-Klux-Klan had great influence in America, but after 1928 its membership rapidly diminished.

It is to be hoped that the Government of South Africa will sternly repress any attempt to start such folly there.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the School Broadcast programmes for next week.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Fruit Culture—How to Grow Strawberries: by C. F. Lawrence. 2.30 Phrases and Sentences in Music; and Music in a Minor Key: by T. Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—The Old Road. 2.30 Poetry Programme. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Mozart and the Concerto; Preparation for Concert: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Caravan Road: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Biology—Why Animals Play: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (Animal Pests—Dingo, Rabbit, and Flying Fox): by George Berrie. 2.5 Nature Study—Ducks and Drakes: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—Factors and Merchants in India (East India Company): by E. A. Craddock. FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—At Singapore: by E. Jago. 2.45 Play—From a Greek Hero Story (3). 3.10 A programme illustrated by recordings or dramatic reconstructions of recent news. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms (India—3, The Congress View).

Scottish Regional

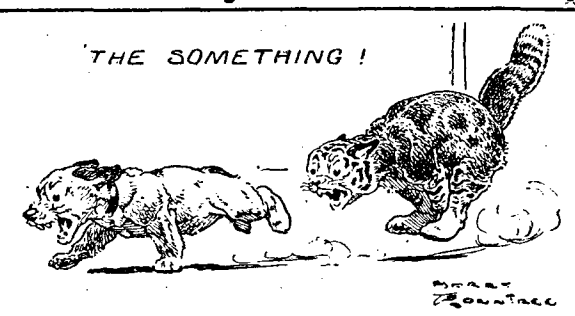
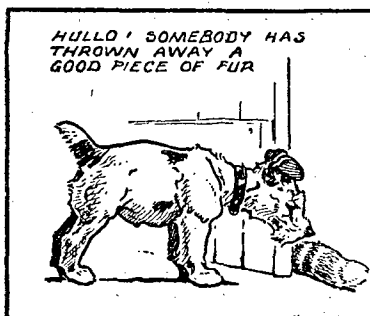
MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Tinker: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Senior English (Our Scottish Language—Words of French Origin): by J. D. Mackie. 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Sound L: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—Fire of Life: by R. C. Garry. THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Phrases, Common Finishes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Hidden Treasure: by A. Scott Kennedy. 3.5 History—Fishing: by H. Hamilton.

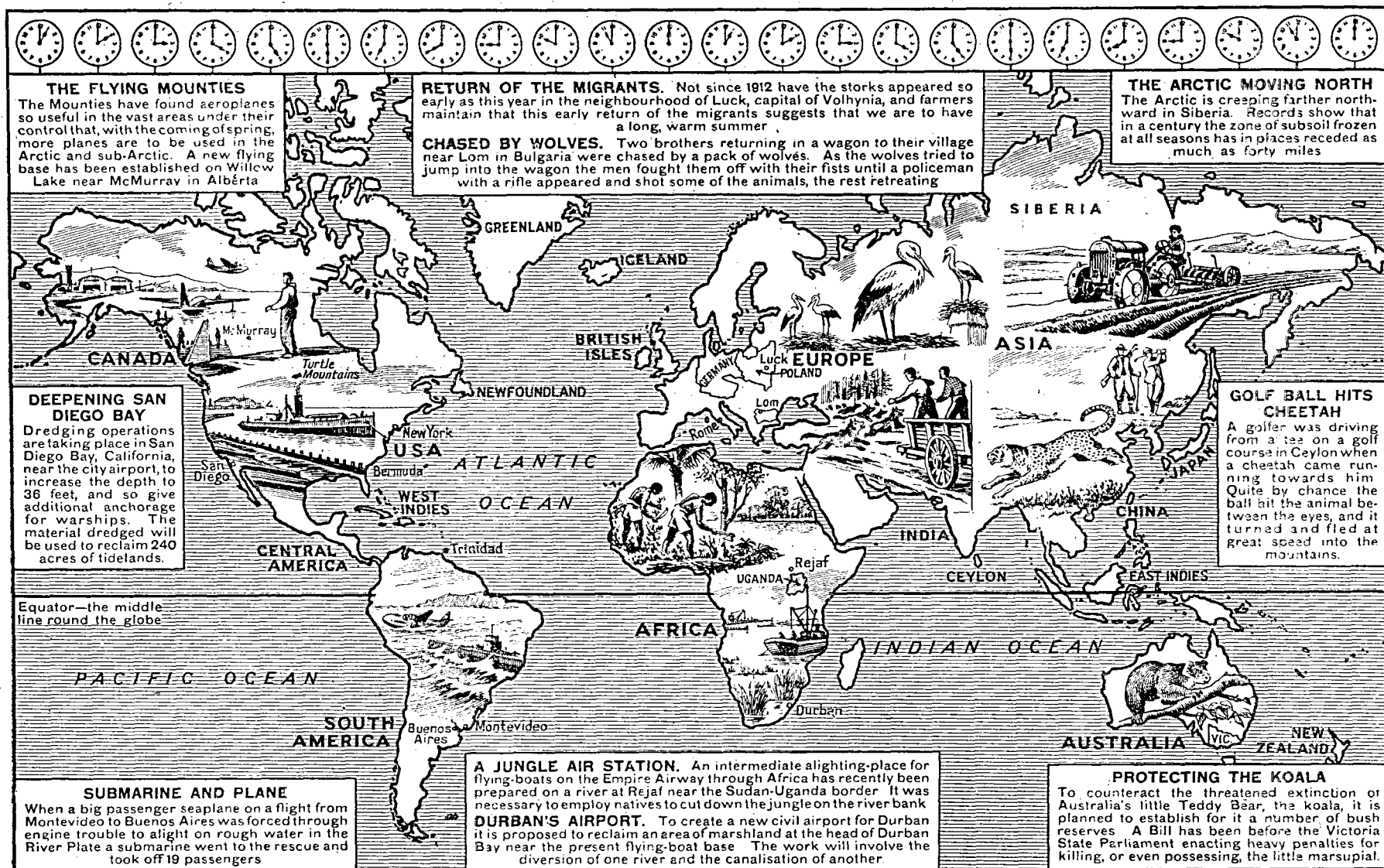
FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (South Africa—2, Gold and Diamonds): by G. F. Hoy. 2.45 Moods in Poetry: by Mrs A. M. Henderson.

Tale of a Tail



A Harry Rountree Strip

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



THE LOST ROMAN ROAD Where the Roman Legions Marched

A Sussex antiquarian, Mr I. D. Margary, has dug up in a field at Holt, near East Grinstead, a long stretch of England's past.

It is part of the Roman highway from Lewes to London along which the legions tramped as they came to and fro from Gaul.

A splendid bit of antiquity it is, more eloquent than coin of Roman Emperor or fragment of Samian ware of what the Romans meant to Britain. It is 85 yards long and 18 feet wide, and the wheel marks on it are plainly visible. So strongly did the Roman roadmaker, aided by Time, bind its iron-slag surface together that it is hard as concrete today. It was made more than 1500 years ago, and if the need were would last another thousand.

Along it came the might of Rome, and along it the glory departed. They passed into the shadows. Only the road remains, sheltered by the peaceful Sussex fields which swallowed it up.

New Land For New Zealand

Close to the spot where the first colonists of the Wellington settlement landed in New Zealand in 1840 a great little victory was won last year.

New Zealand has reclaimed 94 acres of land from the tidal estuary of the Hutt River. A million yards of soil were required to build up the new land.

It is an important victory for New Zealand, for the new land adjoins the boroughs of Petone and Lower Hutt, where some of the biggest industrial concerns of the Dominion are already located. New factories and warehouses will soon be built on the land reclaimed from the river mouth.

Close at hand are the factories where motor-car parts made in England are assembled by New Zealand workmen.

The Peace Garden in the Turtle Mountains

A year or two ago a garden in the heart of the Turtle Mountains of Manitoba and North Dakota was dedicated to the cause of Peace.

Since then engineers and horticulturists have been busy making drives, motor roads, and formal gardens with shrubs and ornamental trees. It is hoped that their task will be completed this spring. The garden is on the International Boundary Line between Canada and the United States, and a great Peace Cairn bears this inscription:

TO GOD IN HIS GLORY

We two nations dedicate this garden and pledge ourselves that as long as man shall live we will not take up arms against one another.

In this garden among the Turtle Mountains is an amphitheatre where meetings and debates on international affairs are held among ideal surroundings. This amphitheatre is to be enlarged and a great Peace Tower is to be erected.

Long before the white man reached America the Red Indians had named the Turtle Mountains owing to their resemblance in outline to a shoal of scrambling turtles.

Under a Spreading Chestnut Tree

Everyone is familiar with the parody of Longfellow's poem about the Village Blacksmith which has been littering up our hoardings for a year or more; a CN reader sends us this parody:

*Under a spreading chestnut tree
A fine young fellow stood.
In ignorance he really thought
Strong drink would do him good.
Alas, alack, he found too late
It never would nor could.*

Honey Bees Work Short Time

The honey bees of New Zealand have been working short time during the summer months of the southern hemisphere, and honey will be scarcer in New Zealand this season than for many years.

This is a misfortune for the New Zealand beekeepers, who export many tons of honey to Great Britain.

Not for many years has New Zealand had such a cold summer. The absence of bright sunshine and the continued periods of cold weather in the midsummer months of December and January have resulted in a light honey crop.

Bees gather honey only in warm weather. When the days are cold they stay in their hives. A cold summer means less honey in the hives for the beekeepers to send to market.

Blackfellow and His Thumb-Print

The proudest Aborigines in Australia are those with bank accounts, and in Queensland each time a native goes to draw money from the bank under the control of the Department of Aborigines he has to sign a withdrawal form and then, beside his signature, put his right thumb-print!

More than 2500 Blackfellows now have their own bank accounts, the total sum of their credit balances exceeding £250,000! In the last five years the interest earned by these bank deposits amounted to nearly £10,000 a year.

2s Extra For No Bath

From Uganda comes this extraordinary announcement. It is to be found in a well-known hotel:

Visitors are expected to take baths, which are provided at no extra charge. An additional charge of 2s a day will be made if no bath is taken.

THE COUNTRY WITH NO IDLE MEN A Million Short

A remarkable official report on German labour conditions has been issued.

It shows that there is need for a million more workers than actually exist. This is by no means due only to making arms: more workers are needed for building, for agriculture, and for mining.

The People's Motor Car, sold by instalments at a cheap price to enable millions to own them, has become a fact, and foreign workers have been brought in to aid in making it. It meant building new factories and new homes.

The report points out that the aim of the labour organisation is to compensate for the lack of living space and native raw materials. To this end every endeavour is made to cut down useless employments and to transfer workers to really productive labour. Much can be done in this way. If a man ceases to be a clerk and becomes a maker of goods national wealth increases.

Mr Roosevelt has called the German process "bringing capital and labour together." It is certainly a very interesting experiment in making work serve productive ends.

Two Million Private Cars

The owners of cars continue to multiply, and not a few of the better-paid workmen now go to work in them.

In ten years the number of owners has more than doubled. In 1928 there were only 884,645; in 1937 the number was 1,798,105, and in 1938 it rose to 1,944,394. In addition there are 462,000 motor-cycles, 495,000 motor goods vehicles, and 88,000 motor vehicles for hire.

Altogether the roads of our little country now carry some three million motor vehicles. This number is likely to be doubled in about ten years.

THE RED PLANE

By
Arthur Nettleton

CHAPTER 3 Out of the Blue

WHEN Larry reached the aerodrome at noon next day the Silverwings was already awaiting him on the tarmac. In the daylight the machine looked better than ever, its sleek lines showing up to still better advantage. For the first time in the last two days Larry laughed to himself, as he caught the envious glances of the other test pilots.

But he had to steel himself for his job, and he exerted a supreme effort to conceal his nervousness. Though the manager had honoured him by giving him the opportunity to test this new monster of the skies, and Larry was anxious to prove himself worthy of that honour, it was not easy. At the back of his mind was the memory of his amateurish handling of the small plane the previous day.

"We're all set, Larry," the manager announced. "You know what to do. Fly her steady at the start, and then give her more to do. We've allowed for everything we can think of, but this'll be the real test. I'll keep in touch with you through the radio phone."

"I understand, sir, but—"

The arrival of the big moment gave Larry a sudden return of that sinking feeling, but the manager spoke quickly.

"Up you go, my boy. No use wasting further time. I guess this is the moment we've all been waiting for."

He signalled to a waiting mechanic, and a minute later the Silverwings throbbed into life. Larry climbed into the machine in a daze, but he had no time to stop and think. Once in the pilot's seat he felt rather more confident, and his fears subsided a little as he grasped the controls.

A gentle movement of the levers, and, with one eye on the instruments that gleamed in front of him, he felt the flying leviathan begin to move.

Here, inside the Silverwings, a low hum and a slight vibration told him the monster was responding. Almost before he knew it the huge machine was heading into the wind, and before he expected it he found he was clear of the ground.

Down below a hundred faces were turned upward, eagerly watching the performance that the plane was putting up.

Larry was nearly out of sight of the aerodrome before Mr Tomblin, the manager, reached the control turret and spoke to him by radio phone.

"Good going, Larry! Let her warm up, then you can start the real tests."

Larry had formed no definite plans, and, heading west against the wind, he reached the open country in a surprisingly short time. Then, rising to a moderate height, he began to wheel left and right—gently at first, and later with gradually increasing abruptness.

"She's handling perfectly, sir," he reported through the telephone. "She turns like a lightweight."

"Good! Try her for altitude."

Operating the joystick, Larry turned the nose of the machine upward. A bank of clouds lay just above him, and he passed through it into the brilliant sunshine beyond. At 6000 feet he looked at his instruments and learned that the plane was capable of climbing faster than any machine he had yet handled. It had certainly been designed along the right lines. He reported the news to the manager.

"That's fine! Now listen, Larry. I want you to try her in a 'falling leaf' descent. Think you're high enough?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

With a sudden rush, Larry's fears returned. He did not doubt that the manager knew best, or that the machine would stand up to such a severe test; yet he felt himself trembling at the prospect. The terrors of the last two days were assailing him more than ever. Now that the first thrill of flying the huge new plane was waning his limbs were quaking, and things were beginning to swim before his eyes. Try as he would, he could not overcome his feeling of incompetence. The manager's voice seemed to come only faintly to his ears.

"Do you hear me, Larry! You've got to do it! Snap into it. There's nothing to fear."

Larry gulped, and his face was white. "I can't, sir! I just can't. My nerve has gone again!"

His words were a cry of anguish.

"Yes, you can. You can't let us down now! Think what it will mean to you if

you fail us. This is your big chance, Larry. If you let us down you let yourself down too. Jump to it, my boy! You've got the nerve, if only you'll use it!"

Gripping the controls as in a vice, Larry hesitated. His face was ashen white, but he felt as though a fire burned inside his head. Steeling himself, he shut off the engines and suddenly pushed the joystick forward. An instant later the monster air-liner was careering down through the clouds at breakneck pace. Twisting and turning, it sped earthward at a speed that sent the air whistling past like a hurricane.

The blood rushed to Larry's head, making it fit to burst. He was through the clouds now, and the ground below was tearing upwards to meet him. He made a superhuman effort to flatten out, but his limbs seemed paralysed. The fear within him had become terror. Strive as he did, with the best that was in him, he could not bring himself to stop the mad plunge.

Exactly how he came out of his trance he never knew. An object beneath him, but not part of the ground, riveted his attention and seemed to release his aching arms. Instinctively he caused the Silverwings to side-slip; then, before he knew it, he had the machine on an even keel. In a cold sweat he looked downwards.

The outskirts of a town were perilously near. He could see the figures in the streets, but it was a red glow that really caught his eyes. Even as he took in the scene a dull roar assailed him, and a sheet of flame shot towards him.

In a second Larry understood, and he turned in his seat to look back. What he saw was sufficient to make him clutch at his controls and swing the Silverwings in a perilously small circle.

Just disappearing into the clouds above was another plane. Its fuselage and wings were painted brilliant red! Down on the ground a fire was raging where the gasworks of the town had been.

Without a thought of fear, Larry set the Silverwings on the tail of the fast vanishing plane. His face was grim, and his eyes held a purposeful look that had not been there before.

CHAPTER 4 The Chase

HE spotted the other machine as the Silverwings emerged above the clouds. He could not determine whether the pilot of the red plane had seen him, but that didn't matter. With his confidence suddenly restored, Larry's only thought now was to go in pursuit and solve the mystery. He opened the throttle of the Silverwings still farther, and sped after his quarry.

"If only I can get a look at the fellow," he thought. He was glad to notice that the Silverwings had already eaten up some of the distance separating it from the red machine.

With eyes aglow and blood tingling, he quickly evolved a plan. Urging still greater speed from his plane, he began to climb at the same time. Suddenly he realised that the red plane's pilot had seen him, for the plane in front had begun to rise too. At the same time it put on more speed. There seemed to be greater power in its engines than Larry had judged.

"She's a fast ship, as well as a mystery one!" he told himself.

In the next few moments the Silverwings went through manoeuvres more severe than any test that had been planned. Foot by foot the two machines fought for supremacy. Larry, at the controls of his monster craft, put all his knowledge into the task of getting above the red machine. All the while he was further reducing the distance between them.

At last he felt he had the upper hand. He was higher than the red plane, but slightly to the rear. A sudden dash and he ought to be near enough to get a good look at the pilot.

Judging the moment to a nicety, he jerked the Silverwings into a power dive that tore at every bolt and wire. The mad swoop took him right beneath his quarry in a terrific surge of speed.

The helmeted figure in the red plane was within only a few feet. Larry saw a red face with maniacal eyes. A madman, clearly, but—the fires? They were unexplained.

The answer to Larry's thoughts came as the Silverwings reduced speed at the end of its plunge. From somewhere beneath the other plane came a tongue of fire. It shot out like a bullet from a gun. Larry sent the Silverwings into a crazy side-slip, but he could not entirely dodge that belt of flame. He saw the paintwork on the Silverwings

begin to blister, though the flame had touched it only for a moment.

He eased the throttle in sudden alarm. As he let the Silverwings drop to the rear again the red plane's pilot turned in his cockpit and gave him a demented grin.

Larry realised that, though he had partly solved the mystery, there was much still to do. Plainly the tragic fires in various towns were being caused by this maniac of the air. Swooping down from the skies, in a plane equipped with some terrible invention, the crazy pilot was setting towns alight, and then vanishing into the distance. Larry was not inclined to leave a task half done. It was now or never—he must end the reign of air terror himself.

He reduced speed still further, so that the red plane went ahead and the fire-ray could not reach the Silverwings; then he spoke rapidly into the radio telephone.

Mr Tomblin's voice was agitated as he replied.

"Are you all right, Larry?" he cried. "What's wrong? You haven't answered our calls for ten minutes!"

"Sorry, sir. I can't explain now. But I've stumbled on something that'll be a sensation. Get out every machine available, and do it quickly. Get them into the air, and send them after me. I'm heading east. If the machines get to their ceiling at once, I think I'll still be just in sight on the horizon. Everything depends on speed."

Larry's words were so full of urgency that the manager at the Speedi Aircraft Company's works hesitated only a second before he replied. "All right, Larry. I don't know what you're doing, but you can depend on us."

Larry's heart had been thumping, for he had wondered if he would be able to get the cooperation he needed for his plan.

By this time the red plane had become a mere speck in the distance. Larry nodded to himself. He would let the other pilot retain his lead. He, Larry, would be able to keep him just in sight, but, thanks to a ruse Larry had learned from a war-time pilot, the Silverwings would not be visible to the maniac.

Both planes were flying eastward. Thus, if the red plane pilot looked backward he would see nothing, for the brilliant afternoon sun was in the west, and its light would blind him!

Soon Larry was pleased to notice that his quarry was now flying at a slower speed. That probably meant the trick was working. The red pilot believed he had eluded pursuit.

Sooner than Larry anticipated a squadron of machines began to come up behind him, the machines that had quickly taken off as a result of his brief talk over the radio phone. Now he spoke again, giving a fuller account of his strange experiences to the manager, who was flying in the leading machine of the squadron.

Mr Tomblin gasped as he listened. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "The fellow is certainly a madman. What beats me is how we're going to catch him."

"I think I know how we can do that, sir. He's heading toward the hills, and he's probably got a hide-out there, some place where he has perfected his invention and where he keeps his plane. I've a notion he's a brilliant but crazy fellow whose work has been turned down by the Government. He's been taking his revenge by using his ray to set fire to buildings. Probably he had some insane idea that he would make the authorities bargain with him."

Larry's belief proved correct. Immediately the hills were reached the red plane in the distance began to descend. Larry took this as his signal, and he set the Silverwings to a faster pace, while the squadron behind him did the same.

They were just in time to see the red machine vanish into a hidden landing-ground. Then the squadron shut off their engines and began to glide closer. Three minutes later 20 machines were picking out suitable places to come to earth, and the red plane was surrounded. Taken by surprise, the madman was quickly caught.

"Your guess was right, Larry," the manager said the next day. "The red plane and its pilot won't cause any more fires. The police have just given me their report. I've another report here too. I think you'd like to read it."

Larry took the sheet and smiled as he glanced at it.

"The Silverwings test report, sir!"

"Yes, you brought her through with flying colours. I think this report includes everything."

"Not quite everything, sir," Larry grinned. "There's one important matter that isn't mentioned."

Still smiling, he scribbled a few words on the sheet. "On this test flight Larry Hammonds recovered his flying nerve."

THE END

JACKO CATCHES THE TRAIN

JACKO had just caught sight of some news in the morning paper.

"Cool!" he cried. "Monkeyville's playing Apetown today. Oh, Mater, I would like to go."

"I dare say you would," replied his mother. "But it's too far, for one thing, and, for another, I want you to help me with the shopping."

Mother Jacko was very busy. She was in the middle of spring-cleaning,

Jacko pounced, his face one big grin.

He did his shopping hurriedly, and caught an early bus for the football field. And there he stayed till it was all over, Monkeyville having a glorious win of three goals to nil.

He pushed his way out and made for the bus. It had gone! And there wasn't another for half an hour.

Still, there was a four-thirty train. If he hurried he'd just catch it.



Jacko dived into the nearest carriage window

and Aunt Julia had chosen a very inconvenient time to pay them an unexpected visit.

"Here's the list," she said at last. "Call at the farm for the eggs on your way home—you don't want to carry them about all the morning."

Jacko didn't want to carry anything about—his mind was on the football match, and he went out of the house looking very glum. If only he had the money for the bus fare he'd risk it.

And at that very moment a miracle happened. In the middle of the road lay a silver sixpence.

He did. But only just. There was no time to open a door. As the train steamed out of the station Jacko took a flying leap, and dived, head first, into the nearest carriage window.

His parcels got in first! The fish survived serious damage, but the eggs and butter landed heavily on the floor of the compartment. And there they remained, spreading rapidly.

It was a nasty mess, and the passengers were furious. But their fury was as nothing compared with the fury of poor Mother Jacko when the young rascal arrived home.

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50 Fine Stamps, many new issues. KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN Is., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue. Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Air-post, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-; Send addresses of stamp collectors, and receive an additional free set.—H. C. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

TO AVOID FLATULENCE AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

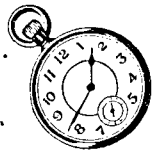
"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"
BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

Get these Gifts FREE! Here's how . . .



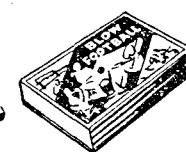
DARTS BOARD
12" diameter cork-faced, with three loaded, feather-end darts.
87 Coupons and Free Voucher.



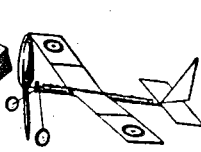
WATCH Nickel-plated Crown Maxim keyless lever—a good time-keeper.
168 Coupons and Free Voucher.



BOX OF PAINTS
Full range of colours in tubes and blocks, complete with brush.
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Something to make you laugh. Get it!
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MODEL AERO-PLANE Wind elastic, and it flies like a bird! 17"x19".
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DON'T just wish you had these nice things. Thousands of boys and girls got them free—so can you! Just ask Mother to buy Rowntree's Cocoa. In every tin are Free Gift Coupons—3 in the 1-lb. size. Start collecting now! Then exchange the coupons for the gift you want. (Rowntree's Table Jellies have coupons too!)

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that, besides being more digestible itself, it actually aids digestion. It helps children to get more body-building nourishment out of all their other food as well.

★ Hundreds of other Free Gifts to choose from. For the complete list of boys' and girls' gifts, send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC60, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York. You will also receive a Free Voucher, value Rowntree coupons, to help on your collection.

